Rev J C Bucher L M M

The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

VOL. XLVII.—NO. 6. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1878. WHOLE NO. 2262.

THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

BY THE

PUBLICATION BOARD

OF THE

Reformed Church in the United States.

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Editor-in-Chief.

OFFICE, 907 ARCH STREET.

TERMS.

This paper is published in two issues at the following rates:

Double Sheet, two dollars per year strictly in advance, to which twenty cents are to be added for prepayment of postage.

Single Sheet, one dollar per year strictly in advance, to which ten cents are to be added for prepayment of postage.

☞ All checks, drafts, or Post money order must be made payable to the order of the "Reformed Church Publication Board."

Discontinuances at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements strictly consistent with the character of a religious paper will be inserted at the ordinary rates.

Poetry.

IN HIS BEAUTY.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

I shall see Him in His beauty,
For myself shall see the King!
In the far-off land elysian
Have that beatific vision;
In His beauty I shall see Him
When the wailing nations flee Him.

I shall see Him in His beauty,
Who for me was crucified.
By those cruel foes surrounded,
Scourged and buffeted and wounded;
From man's judgment who was taken,
And of God Himself forsaken.

I shall see Him in His beauty!
See Him on the great white throne;
With these eyes shall I behold Him,
See the prophets who foretold Him,
Saints and martyrs of Time's story,
And the angels in their glory.

I shall see Him in His beauty,
On His palm my worthless name;
'Mid convulsions and dire wonders,
'Mid earth's voices and Heaven's thunders;
I shall see Him, He will own me
And beside Himself enthrone me.

—*Christian Union.*

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

INFANT BAPTISM.

Again. Upon the occasion of the presentation of little children to the Saviour that He might bless them, we are told, that the disciples forbade those who brought them. At this time the disciples had not yet apprehended the nature and scope of the redemption, which the Saviour came to accomplish. They doubtless as yet failed to discern, that it comprehended the whole realm of human life, and consequently included infancy and childhood while in their earthly existence. It was natural, therefore, that they should regard their presentation to Him as an intrusion, serving to interrupt Him in His communications of the truth to those who had power to understand. They had no thought of depriving the children of any possible benefit, which they might derive from contact with the person of their Master but imagined that any notice He might be induced to take of them would be merely formal and convey no real benefit. Hence they forbade their approach. This forbidding would really seem to be the first word of the modern baptistic teaching upon this precise point, which is based upon the same mistaken notion of childhood's insusceptibility of grace. The Saviour's displeasure with their great wrong, was most unequivocally expressed, and ought to have settled the question for all time to come. He received the children approvingly, and once for all interdicted a prohibition of their being brought to Him. He laid His hands upon them and blessed them.

Here now arises the very grave question, Was there any virtue in that blessing? Or was it only a form of empty words? Did the imposition of His holy hands, and the bestowal of the blessing convey any grace to the children, or was it only a token of kindly regard? It was a Divine blessing, and as such it imparted to them a something which they did not possess before a something which reached the very core of their being, and that something was the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

If Christ were on earth now, would it not be right, in similar manner, to present our children to Him? And would He not just as graciously receive them, and as really bless them? Most assuredly He would. But Christ is as really present in His Church on earth, in the person of the Holy Ghost, as ever He was while in the flesh. He made ample provision for the reception, in all after time, of all who will come unto Him, and for the bestowal of all and every blessing, which He dispensed while in person on earth, and is it possible that He failed in the case of those, of whom He said: "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not?" He appointed ministers His ambassadors. As such, it is their office to receive, in His name, all whom He would receive were He personally present, and as stewards of the mysteries of grace, to impart to them the blessings which He would impart, which they are ordained to do as organs of the Holy Ghost.

Certainly then infants and young children are susceptible to gracious communications, without the condition of personal faith. Certainly they are capable of receiving the deposit of the "divine seed," which, by befitting culture and nurture, may be made to grow up into eternal life. And as baptism is the sacrament of initiation into the body of Christ—the sacrament of ingrafting, certainly it is their right, their heaven-ordained privilege to be baptized, and thus made the children of God in Christ Jesus. And to prevent their receiving it, is to defraud them out of the legacy left them in the promise—the last will and testament of their dying Saviour. S. N. C.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Rev. John G. Wolff, whose decease has been already announced, was born at Martinsburg, Va., on the 24th of April, 1811. The cause of his death was bronchial consumption. The family from which he sprang is well known in the Reformed Church. He was the youngest brother of Dr. B. C. Wolff, of blessed memory. He grew up as a Christian youth, but he did not seem to experience the full power of the Gospel, until he was of age, and had come to see something of life in its reality. The Rev. Jacob Beecher was his pastor at the time, and through his influence, he was brought to pass through much deep religious feeling, and, after he was confirmed, to devote himself to the work of the ministry. The example of his elder brother, doubtless, had much to do in determining his future calling. He commenced his preparatory studies in his native place, and completed them in the High School and the Theological Seminary at York, under Dr. Mayer and Dr. Rauch. His class-mates in the Seminary were the Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher and the Rev. Ephraim Kieffer, who with him were licensed to preach the Gospel in the year 1836, by the Synod that convened at Baltimore. After his licensure, he did not enter immediately upon a pastoral charge, but acted as an agent for the Church for a while, as a supply in some churches in Chester Co., for a short time, and, during his brother's disability, he preached at Easton for about one year. In the year 1838 he was united in matrimony to Miss Susan Young of Easton, who still lives to cherish his memory and in lonely widowhood to realize her great loss. At this time he became pastor of the Martinsburg charge, in this State, where, however, he lived and labored only about two years. In the year 1841, we find him located as pastor at Taneytown, Md. Here he remained nine years, and amidst much self-denial, performed much labor. He had many difficulties to encounter, but he endured them with courage and a strong will. The erection of a fine new parsonage was the result mainly of his energy and perseverance. It cost him much time and labor, in which he was encouraged by many warm friends. In 1851 he had sought a new home in the valley of Virginia, where he hoped to be useful whilst he improved his failing health. Here, as before, he devoted himself with his whole heart to his work, and did not spare himself in the cold of winter or the heat of summer, for a period of seven or eight years. On account of exposure, he took sick with a malignant fever, which brought him near the gates of death. He recovered, but he found himself broken down in body and mind. His health and spirits, however, gradually returned, and he was enabled to fill two more short pastorates, a pleasant one at McConnellsburg, and the other at Alexandria, Pa. At the latter place, his health again failed him and he removed to Lancaster in the spring of 1861, sad and discouraged, doubtful whether he would ever be able to preach the Gospel any more. But in quiet retirement and pleasant work in his garden, he renewed his strength, and without filling a regular charge, preached frequently as opportunities presented themselves.

For a year he served the Maytown congregation in Lancaster Co., as a supply, and the Columbia congregation for a period of some four or five years with a very small compensation for his services. He did much for the church at Columbia, in extricating it from its financial difficulties; spending much of his time in collecting money at different places, in order to repurchase the church, after it had been sold on account of debt. The brethren at Columbia have not forgotten his earnest sermons, nor his work and labor of love among them. For several years, he preached occasionally by invitation, at Reading and other places in Berks county, where the people heard him gladly. His last sermon was preached at Leesport, some few years ago. It was delivered with much earnestness and unction. Though he had to be assisted in ascending the pulpit. When he came home, he had to be helped into his house. As he grew older, his passion, as it might be called, for preaching the Gospel, grew stronger.

In failing health, he became, at times, despondent, and sometimes stood on the brink of despair. It was, therefore, feared that he might settle down in permanent gloom as he drew near the end of his journey. But his Master did not forsake him. The last few months of his life were perhaps the best of his life, spiritually considered. His faith became fixed, and his charity towards all alike of his fellow-men abounded. He fell asleep calmly, and peacefully, without a struggle, in the early dawn of the 22d of January, in the 67th year of his age. So good men cease to be here on earth. He was a warm-hearted preacher, a faithful pastor, and an earnest, self-denying Christian. He was a remarkably sympathetic comforter at the bed-side of the sick, and to all in distress. His works do follow him, and many, whom he led into the kingdom of heaven, will no doubt rise up and call him blessed. His remains were taken to Easton on Friday, Jan. 25th, and interred in the Easton cemetery, in the presence of many sorrowing friends. They repose near the resting-place of the Rev. Dr. Beck. The funeral services were conducted on the day previous, at his residence, by the Lancaster brethren, Drs. Gerhart, Nevin, Apple, and his old friend, Rev. J. G. Fritchey. We append here a few remarks taken from the funeral address delivered on the occasion by Dr. Thomas G. Apple.

"It was thus that he looked for his departure and longed for it himself. He had passed through many afflictions and much sufferings for the cause of Christ. Having consecrated himself to the service of the Lord in his youth, he afterwards made choice of the Christian ministry as the work to which he was called to devote the energies of his life. It was at a time when there were comparatively few English ministers in the Reformed Church, and when the first graduates of the Seminary, then at York, were entering the field. He gave himself up unreservedly to the work of his heavenly Master, and through his whole ministry, which was one of many trials and perplexities, he sought only to promote the interests of the Church. He never sought through his ministry for worldly goods or worldly emoluments. What substance of his own he possessed, he was willing to use in order to eke out a frugal living, whilst he was serving charges that were unable or unwilling to give him a proper support. In that respect his life was unselfish—he sought not his own, but the things of God and His kingdom. Using all through his ministry his own means in part to support himself, he could truly say: 'I have not sought yours, but you.' He had infirmities in the prosecution of his life, but no one could say, that he made his ministry in any way tributary to his own aggrandizement. His preaching was not in the eloquence of man's wisdom. The words of St. Paul may be in a measure attributed to him: 'Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not, but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' 'Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.'

"The Christian ministry does not depend upon human power or outward worldly success. Often it accomplishes most indeed, where it is prosecuted in the manifest presence of infirmities and natural insufficiency. Thus the deceased devoted what strength he possessed to the great work committed to him, until the infirmities of the body compelled him to remit his labors and wait patiently until his change should come. We say patiently, for it was thus he bore his last illness. As he was naturally of a retiring disposition, few persons knew the amount of suffering he endured, as disease asserted its power over his bodily life through slow and steady approach, reaching through years as well as months and years. As the dreary days, and still more wearisome nights of his sickness drew towards their close, the links that bound him to earth became one after another severed, and he longed for the parting hour which should set him free from his sufferings. And so at length he entered into the dark valley, where natural human aid could no longer follow him, where the journey seemed to lie more on the other side than on this, but where we believe the rod and the staff of the Lord continued to support him; and just before the dawn of another natural day he peacefully fell on sleep; and, as we believe, the light of eternal day dawned upon his awakening spirit in the presence of the Lord. May God help us so to live that when we come to that hour, we may be ready to meet Him in joy and peace through our Lord Jesus Christ! Amen."

SUMMER EVENING.*

From the Allemannian German of Hebel.

BY PROF. J. H. DUBBS.

O, see! at last the weary sun
Is going home, her work is done:
And, see! while fades the evening light,
She gathers up her kerchief bright—
A cloud of blue and gold—and now
She gently wipes her dusty brow.

Ah, me! a long and dreary way
She had to take this Summer day;
And in the fields, and houses too,
She found, in sooth, enough to do;
For all things prayed for warmth and light,
And blessings sought from morn till night.

Full many a flower along the way,
She stopped to paint with colors gay;
She mixed a draught, and to the bee
She said, "Is this enough for thee?"
And when the bee had quaffed his fill,
The beetle found a drop there still.

She burst the seed-pods as they hung,
And far and wide their contents flung:
Did not the birds rejoice to gain
The gleanings of the scattered grain?
For in their season all were fed,
And none went hungry to his bed.

Where on the tree a cherry grew,
She gave its cheek a richer hue;
She marked where every wheat-ear swings,
Or to its pale a grape-vine clings,
And bending down to hear their call,
With leaves and blossoms decked them all.

She labored too with all her might
To turn the bleaching linen white,
Although the bleacher did not say,
"God bless you, for your help to-day!"
For many a wife, with rays benign,
She dried the linen on the line.

'Tis true, indeed, where through the grass
The burnished scythes so swiftly pass,
Where in the vale the sunbeams play,
She did her part in making hay.

It is, in sooth, a wondrous sight:
Grass in the morning, hay at night.

She's very weary now; indeed,
She needs no song her sleep to speed,
No wonder then that she should stop
To rest upon the mountain's top.
One smile at parting, warm and bright,
And then she says her last, "Good-night!"

She's gone at last, but, rising higher
The weather-cock on yonder spire
Peers down upon her, I declare—
"You prying bird! What makes you stare?
You gaze in vain. She hides her head
And draws red curtains round her bed."

The weary dame! We grieve to tell
Her husband does not treat her well;
When she returns, at close of day,
He takes his hat and goes away.
He's hiding in the woods, I fear,
But, mind my words! he'll soon be here.

Why does he linger in the glade?
I'm very sure he's half afraid.
"Come on, old moon! She's gone at last.
And in her bed is sleeping fast."
He rises now, while through the vale
The little croakers chant, "All Hail!"

* * * * *

I guess we too can sleep till morn,
For he whose conscience knows no thorn,
Can sleep without an evening song;
And though the day may seem full long,
His labors bring him slumbers bright;
We too are weary; so—"Good-night!"

*The Moon is masculine in German.

AD CLERUM.

When you teach your people any part of their duty, as in paying their debts, their tithes and offerings, in giving due reverence and religious regards, diminish nothing of admonition in these particulars, and the like, though they object that you speak for yourselves, and in your own cases. For counsel is not the worse, if it be profitable both to him that gives and him that takes it. Only do it in simplicity, and principally intend the good of their souls.

Be not satisfied when you have done a good work, unless you have also done it well: and when you have, then be careful lest vain glory, partiality, self-conceit, or any other folly or indiscretion snatch it out of your hand, and cheat you of the reward.

Mark them that cause divisions among you, and avoid them, for such persons are by the Scriptures called "scandals" in the abstract: they are offenders and offences too. But if any man have an opinion, let him have it to himself, till he can be cured of his disease by time, and counsel, and gentle usages. But if he separate from the Church, or gathers a congregation, he is proud, and fallen from the communion of saints and the unity of the Catholic Church.

Strive to get the love of the congregation; but let it not degenerate into popularity. Cause them to love and revere; to love with religion, not for your compliance; for the good you do them, not for that you please them. Get their love by doing your duty; but not by omitting or spoiling any part of it, ever remembering the severe words of our blessed Saviour, "Woe be to you, when all men speak well of you."—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

"WHERE IS HE THAT IS BORN KING OF THE JEWS?"—Matt. ii. 2.

What boldness and imprudence! How is it that the Magi, alike wise men and kings, have forgotten the suspicious mind of a prince? How comes it that they have not foreseen the danger of compromising either their reputation for wisdom in undertaking such a long journey, without learning beforehand, something certain as to the birth of a King, whom they came to adore, or of endangering their life and their kingdoms in coming to render homage to a Prince, who is not the son of the reigning king? What an example for us, who dare not declare ourselves in favor of the royalty of Jesus, fearing lest we should compromise ourselves before the mighty of this world, or in the opinion of our friends.—*De Boylesve.*

How can we expect that peace shall abide in hearts under the government of unholy, restless desires, and no earnest efforts to overcome them. It is wonderful what an effect this peace has on all things around us. It is the mind itself which casts a "shroud or a wedding garment," upon the outer world. We in ourselves rejoice, and the gladness of the world is but an echo from our voice.—*Norman Macleod.*

Family Reading.

THOU AND I.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Strange for thee and me,
Sadly afar;
Thou, safe beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'midst the shade.

Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest-tossed;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost.
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life.
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thou and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near death's river;
Thou winning wisdom's love,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'midst the seraphim,
I in the dust.

SPEAK TO THOSE BOYS.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"Do let me have the paper, Annie; you've been staring at that one page for half an hour. Just like a girl, I declare," said brother Tom, looking over her shoulder; "reading the marriages all this time. Which of your 'dear five hundred' has committed matrimony now?" And Tom whisked off the paper with masculine right of possession.

But it was not the marriages which had so long engrossed Annie Tremper's attention; it was no vision of bridal festivities which filled her eyes with tears, and caused her lips to quiver with uncontrollable emotion, and made her unable to answer her brother's light question.

Yes, she had read it in clear type:

"Ernest Doty, aged 16 years and 7 months, at his father's residence, 25——Street. Funeral Tuesday afternoon."

But could it be true? Ernest, her Sunday-school boy, who had sat in front of her week after week for the last three years! Ernest! so full of life and fun that he could not sit still, but kept the whole class in commotion, till brought to order by Annie's pleading, "do be quiet, Ernie," backed by that innate sense of chivalry which only very bad boys lack. Ernest! and a vision of black curly hair, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes came before her that it seemed impossible to associate with death. Yet there it was, that announcement in the paper. Her boy was dead, the funeral would be on Tuesday, and she must be present with the rest of her class. Why didn't she go last Sabbath afternoon when she missed Ernest from his accustomed place, the class being a gainer in order thereby, though, now she thought of it, the boy had been quieter of late, and had looked at her several times, as though there was something on his mind that he wanted to say. Could it be? No, she hardly dared hope, and yet—. Ah! something beyond grief, beyond the natural shock of death, bowed Annie Tremper's spirit that day. Young as she still was, God had given her the responsibility of a group of immortal spirits to train for Him. And she had faithfully done her work in all save one particular. Nothing could ever tempt her from her post. Sunshine and storm saw her in her place early, and with lesson well prepared, while the bright, attentive faces of her class showed the interest with which she invested her teachings, but she never could bring herself to talk personally with its members concerning their own interest in the Saviour of whom she spoke. She had long felt strongly impressed with the duty of doing so, but something she could not define had held her back and sealed her lips again and again when thrown by chance alone with her boys, and now one of them had suddenly slipped away from her grasp, gone out into the great unknown, and she could not conjecture whether it was to an eternity of life or to a death that knows no resurrection. It is that no young Sunday-school teacher who reads this, may ever pass through the agonies of self-reproach which marked that funeral hour, as the other boys of Annie's class piled the white flowers upon the still form of their comrade that this little tale has been written.

It was with trembling feet, which almost refused to do their office, that, the day after the funeral, Annie ascended the steps of the house where her boy had lived. "O Miss Tremper, I am so glad to see you," said the stricken mother, grasping her hand. "Ernie left a message for you which he said I must be sure to deliver. He hoped you'd come before it was too late, but he wouldn't let me send for you because he said you had a good many things to do, and it was very kind in you to give up so much time to the Sunday-school. When he was first taken sick there seemed something on his mind, and once or twice he said, 'I wish I'd asked Miss Annie?' 'Asked her what?' said I. 'How to be a Christian. I've wanted to be one a great while, and I've tried, but somehow I couldn't get on, and I wanted to ask Miss Annie what was the matter, only I felt sort of bashful, and I always thought she would speak first.'"

"Why didn't you send for me?" said Annie, with a great gasp.

"Well, he did not want me to, and I didn't see the use. I thought Ernie was just as good as a boy could be. But I didn't give you his message yet. That last Sunday afternoon, when we all knew he couldn't live, he said: 'Mother, I wanted to see Miss Annie again just to tell her, but you can do it. Tell her that I've found Jesus, and I'm going home to be with Him. And tell her it's just as she said in the class—Jesus does it all. If somebody had made me understand a year ago I should have been so happy, instead of trying to make myself into a Christian, which I could not do. Thank her for all the lessons in her class, and tell her it's all right now."

Yes, it was all right now, and Annie's heart gave a great throb of relief as she learned that her lamb was safe in the Shepherd's fold, and that her words had shown him the way after all. But that long wasted year, those useless struggles, that young heart yearning for expressed sympathy in its first reachings after holier things which it did not get in the quarter where it had a right to demand it, and the lost influence upon family and friends which a year's walking with God, in the sweet attractive "kindness of his youth," would have exerted, was all lost to Ernie, through her shrinking conventionalism concerning personal dealing with the members of her class. It was with a very humbled heart and a very resolute purpose that, when Annie next met her boys, she said:

"Boys, I am resolved, through the grace of God, never to rest, and never to let you alone, till I know that each one of you is 'safe in the arms of Jesus.'"—*National Sunday-school Teacher.*

ONE MIS-STEP.

One step may shape a character and destiny. If it be a right step, the character and destiny will be rightly shaped. If a wrong step, a mis-step, then the character and destiny will be wrongly shaped.

Liberty or bondage; prosperity or adversity; joy or sorrow; life or death, are suspended on a single step! We often hear it said, "Why, it was only one mis-step!" True, only one mis-step; and yet see what results! How the mind has been clouded by it, the conscience defiled, the moral sensibilities stupefied! Only one mis-step, and yet the Spirit is grieved, and the prospect of eternal life obscured. One mis-step often leads to others—to a succession of mis steps. Once let the individual leave the beaten path, by a single step, and he may wander on in darkness, and never find the narrow road again.

Only one mis-step! What is it? "Why, I only gave way to a little ill-temper," but see the result! The children observed it. Children are sharp-eyed. They are close watchers. They are quick to mark the mis-step, and they have tenacious memories. Long after the occurrence which you call a "little thing," has passed from your recollection, they have it vividly in remembrance. The poison has entered their young minds. They see in the mis step a departure from the Christian faith, and they are unfavorably affected. For years, perhaps, possibly forever, that one mis-step may hold them from the cross.

Only one mis-step! What is it? "Why, simply a careless word affecting some one's character," say you. True, but remember, the poison of asps is under a careless tongue. "Behold, what a great matter a little fire kindleth!" That careless word is repeated. It runs from one to another. An innocent person suffers loss in point of reputation. The mischief sweeps through the community like a sirocco-breath. Alas! for the deadly power of that careless wood.

Only one mis-step! What was it? "A slight deviation from the rule of rectitude in a business transaction—a very little thing, hardly noticeable," you say. Yes, but it was observed by the other party to the trade. He is not a Christian, but he knows you make the profession. He cannot reconcile the transaction with the Christian character. It rankles in his heart. He had serious thoughts about seeking Christ—those serious thoughts are now dispelled. Satan, ever ready to seize upon such advantages, weaves his net-work more thoroughly around his soul, and that soul drops into perdition, the eternal victim of a single mis-step!

How we need to walk circumspectly, to "set a watch at the door of our lips," and

"Be ever standing on our guard,
And watching unto prayer."

—*Methodist Recorder.*

WAITING FOR THE KING.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

We sit alone in the stillness,
My soul and I,
And hear, outside of our cloister,
The world go by.
The world, with its toiling and buying,
And striving for gain;
The pitiful world, with its crying
And moaning for pain.

We have no part in the aching,
My soul and I;
No part in its giving or taking,
So let it go by.
We have shaken off from our sandals
The dust of its mart;
And smile to think of its tumult
Where we sit apart.

Clothed in beautiful garments,
Spotless and white;
Crowned with peace like a jewel
Steadfast in light;
Faces tender and saintly
Filling the air,
And music, echoing faintly,
Calling to prayer.

Closed are the portals for ever,
Lest any come in
To soil the snow of our vesture
With fingers of sin.
But, lost in visions supernal,
We wait till the King
The gates of the City Eternal
Wide open shall swing.

Alone in our sacred cloister
We sit no more,
One, with His hands all bleeding
Opened the door.
Sorrowful eyes that smote me
With trembling and fear;
Sorrowful lips demanding,
What doest thou here?

Why sit*test thou* in garments
Lustrous and white,
Crowned with peace like a jewel
Steadfast in light,
While, lost in desolate places,
Hungry and cold,
Wander, fainting and weary,
The lambs of My fold?

Pierced was My brow with sorrow,
Bearing thy woe;
Stained were My robes and bosom,
Clasping thee so;
Loving thee, spite of anguish
Scourging and cross,
Glad with My grief I made thee,
Rich with my loss.

Not in the cloistered stillness
Knelt I in prayer,
Pleading for thee while evil
Darkens the air.
Lovest thou Me, dear dreamer,
Bought with My pain?
Only for selfish striving
Ransomed in vain!

Hushed were the lips that smote me,
Pleading no more,
As the weary feet of the Master
Turned from my door,
And lo! my beautiful garments
Crumbled to dust;
My gold was dim and my jewels
Shrouded with rust.

Straight in the hand so wounded
My hand I laid,
Walking beside the Master
Never dismayed.
Fairer than saintly vision
His face I see,
Sweeter than song the whisper,
Done unto Me.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

Michelet, in his work on "Love," gives this little picture, painted with a pen and not with a pencil, which might be labeled "An Interior." Every man of letters must have experienced its fidelity to what has occurred under his own roof. It is a charming "bit of domesticity"—a poem or a picture, as the reader may choose to view it. But it has all the truth of beauty, and the beauty of truth:

A charming thing to observe, which I have often remarked with pleasure, among my more studious friends, is the infinite delicacy of the young wife, who in a restricted space comes and goes, and moves around the student, without in the least disturbing him. Any other person would have put him out; but "she," he says, "is nobody." In fact, she is himself, his second and better soul.

She holds her breath, and steps on tiptoe. She glides along the floor. She has such respect for work! In this you can see what a gentle and quick-sighted creature woman is; above all things affectionate, and feeling in constant need of the beloved object. If he allows her, she will remain in the room sewing or embroidering. If not, a thousand occasions or a thousand necessities will occur to her as pretexts to come into the room. "What is he doing now? How far has he got? Perhaps he is working too hard? He will make himself sick." All this passes through her mind.

There are many studies to which unwittingly she imparts more than she can take away. Do you think that the charming electricity she communicates in passing you, lightly touching you with her dress, goes for nothing with the artist and author, if with our tiresome and uncongenial work is opportunely mingled that perfume of the flower of love which revives everything? So in old Italian pictures do we see in a death's head a hundred-leaved rose, and death himself seems to enjoy it.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her: "Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have talismanic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once, and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman." The maiden thanked the good genius, and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced, she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough; but in her eagerness to grasp the very best, she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very thin and shriveled. She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from the poor show around her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain. She went on, but alas! only to find the stalks more and more feeble and blighted, until in the end, as the day was closing, and the night coming on, she found herself at the end of the field without having plucked an ear of any kind. No need that the genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late, as how many in all climes and in all ages, in the evening of life call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in their season.

HOW TO BORE GOSSIPS.

Adopt this rule: Let all who come to you with stories about mutual acquaintances know that you intend, as soon as your duties allow, to wait upon the parties spoken of disparagingly and repeat just what was said, and who said it. Still better, take out your memorandum-book and ask the party to allow you to copy the words, so that you can make no mistake.

You will have to do this probably not more than three times. It will fly among your acquaintances on the wings of the gossips, and persons who come to talk against other persons in your presence will begin to feel as if they were testifying under oath.

But you ask, "Will it not be mean to go off and detail conversations?" Not at all when your interlocutor understands that he must not talk against an absent person in your presence without expecting you to convey the words to the absent person, and the name of the speaker. Moreover, what right has any man or woman to approach you and bind you to secrecy, and then poison your mind against another? If there be any difference in your obligations, are you not bound more to the man who is absent than the man who is present? If you can thus help to kill gossip, it will not matter if you lose a friend or two; such friends as these, who talk against others to you, are the very persons to talk against you to them.

Try our rule. We know it to be good. We use it. It is known in the church of which we are pastor, that if any one speaks to us disparagingly of an absent member, we hold it our duty to go to that absent member immediately and report the conversation and the names; or, still better, to make the party disparaging face the party disparaged. We have almost none of this to do. Amid the many annoyances which necessarily come to the pastor of a large church, and still larger congregation, we think that we are as free from the annoyance of gossips as it is possible for a man to be who lives amongst his fellow-men.

Try our rule, try it faithfully, with meekness and charity, and if it does not work well, let us know.—*Sunday Magazine.*

MOTHERS AS DOCTORS.

Practical mothers learn much by their experience with the little bodies entrusted to their care. Some of the most common-sense facts in the physical culture of these little ones known to the mothers, may not come amiss to those who have had but little care of children. The foundation must be well laid to ensure happy and healthy children. The child must be well slept, well aired, well fed, and well bathed. By a thorough understanding and practice of these four simple rules, much of the physical, mental, and moral suffering in life would be avoided by parents as well as child. If a healthy child (and a delicate one proportionately) is regularly put to bed about dark, in a quiet, well-ventilated, or even cold room, after a supper of plain food, it will naturally awake at daybreak, good-natured, with a keen appetite for a wholesome breakfast. Nutritious, plain food, at regular hours, with no candy or stimulants, and free bathing, help the system to ward off many prevalent children's ailments, and to bear with much less danger the few that must necessarily come to the majority of little ones. The child that is just given a little confectionery, or any unsuitable food, and then rocked to sleep, should cause no surprise at waking peevish and feverish. It is simply the result of imaginary affection and want of knowledge on the part of one in charge. It will certainly pay in the end to search diligently for the cause when a little child is proverbially cross.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

BOILING VEGETABLES.—In boiling beef and vegetables, put a tea cup of vinegar into the pot when the water is cold, and the beef will be much tenderer, and cabbage and beets better flavored and will not fill the house with unpleasant smell. The vinegar will not affect the taste of the food.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Chloride of lime water will remove mildew from cotton cloth or linen. A large teaspoonful of the fresh chloride is stirred into a quart of water and strained. The cloth is dipped in the solution, and laid in the sunlight for a few minutes; if this is not effective, the dipping should be repeated. This will not injure the cloth, if sufficiently weak, and the cloth is well rinsed in clear water, as soon as the spots are discharged.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE HANDS.—Remember that one can have the hands in soap-suds with soft soap without injury to the skin if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effects of the alkali and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor, will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this, then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in winter will find this comforting.

WASHING MADE EASY.—Some time ago we learned that a new system of washing has been introduced in some of the German towns, which did away with the destructive use of the wash-board and pounding barrel, as likewise the ruinous washing fluid, crystals, and sodas heretofore used. Since then, this same system has been adopted in some of the French towns with satisfactory economical results.

The process is a saving of time, labor and fuel, and it is said that, while the clothes are given a whiteness, equal to that obtained by any other method of washing, the most delicate fabrics are in no way injured.

It is simply to dissolve two pounds of hard soap in a little water, and with it add to ten gallons of warm water one spoonful of turpentine oil, and two spoonfuls of ammonia. Mix thoroughly with the water, which should be kept at a temperature in which the hand can be held. Into this solution place the white clothes, and leave them from two to three hours, covered as tightly as possible. Then take out and wash once through warm water—little rubbing being necessary. Rinse through two waters, the last blued, and the clothes are ready for the line. The solution can be re-heated and used twice, but the second time it is necessary to add one-half spoonful of turpentine and another spoonful of ammonia.

We give this bit of foreign economy, so that those of our friends who have an experimental turn of mind, can try the method, and prove for themselves whether this lauded process is superior to our old and well-tried mode of washing.—*Exchange.*

Miscellaneous.

THE HOLLY TREE.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the holly tree,
Uprearing his head in the frost and snow;
Not a jot nor a tittle careth he
For the cloud and the storm, and the winds that blow.
The roses that grew on the southern wall
Waxed feeble and few, and we watched them fall,
The hawthorn had faded, the lillie is gone,
The skies of December are pallid and wan;
But the holly is sturdy as sturdy can be,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the holly tree!

Hurrah, hurrah, for the holly tree,
There never was surely a bonnier one;
His prickly armor is good to see,
And his berries are red in the winter sun.
His berries are red, aye ruddy are they,
Though the roses are dead and the swallows away,
The icicles hang and the tempest is keen,
But he hath his garment of glittering green.
Like a king in his glory standeth he,
Hurrah, hurrah, for the holly tree!

Alack, alack, for the holly tree,
Laughing and eager there cometh a troop,
The men to work, and the maidens to see,
And the children to add to the joyous group.
And lo, he is left when their labor is o'er,
Dismantled, bereft of the raiment he wore;
And branches are prone to the snow-covered earth
To be raised with rejoicing, and carried with mirth.
The spoilers have vanished; lone shivereth he,
Alack, alack, for the holly tree!

Heigho, heigho, for the holly tree,
But his boughs will glean in the festive hall;
And some in the village church may be,
And some may grace the cottage wall,
Oh it is well for the holly tree bold
That he weaveth a spell over the young and the old.
One spray in a girl's soft hair shall glow,
And one will lie on a grave, I know.
He shareth the sorrow, he shareth the glee,
Heigho, heigho, for the holly tree!

GREAT SNOWSTORMS.

In 1674 snow fell in England for eleven days. But this was far surpassed by the winter of 1683–84, which appears to have been the severest ever recorded in that country. This was one of the occasions when the Thames was frozen over and a fair held thereon. The river was frozen from December to February. Trees were split in the forest by the violence of the cold, nearly all the birds perished, and the heavy snows made the roads in some parts of the country almost impassable. The winter of 1708 9 was notable for its three months' continuous frost and snow. Ten years later a snowstorm on the borderlands of Sweden and Norway caused a terrible disaster. The Swedish army were marching on Drontheim, when they were overtaken on the mountains by a snowstorm so severe that 7000 of them perished, and the expedition had to be abandoned. The Norwegians have the credit of the introduction of soldiers trained to manœuvre on the snow, and shod with a kind of snow-skate; but under such circumstances as these they too would have struggled against the warring elements in vain. The snowstorms of that season reached to Britain, and in the south and west of England snow fell for several days in succession early in January, and, as one of the sufferers remarks, there was "a very hard frost for a long time, besides snow very often, and all things very deare, so that a halfe-penny rowle weighed just a crown piece, and two turneps sold for a peny, and coals sold for 40s. a quearter, and all theis things, notwithstanding soe deare, was very bad in kinde." Nearly half a century passed before there was any snowfall in England at all approaching this, but in February, 1762, it snowed for eighteen days without ceasing. The 18th century closed as it had begun, with a succession of "hard winters." Looking through the records of these times we can well understand the oft-quoted remark of the oldest "inhabitants," that since they were boys the seasons have changed. The winter of 1784 was one of the most severe of the series. Snow fell first on the 7th of October, and from that date until the second of April, 1785—177 days—there were only twelve days on which it did not either freeze or snow, or both. The winter of 1814 was long remembered as that of the "Great Frost." All over the country the mail coaches had to cease running, and in many instances were abandoned in the snow, the letters being sent on by the guards on horseback. And even this means of conveyance proved unavailing in some localities, for when the snow lay four feet deep in the streets of the great towns, it may be fairly supposed that it proved a much more serious obstacle in the open country. Another remarkable snow year was 1820. In this year, as in 1814, the quantity of snow that fell on the moors and fells of the north, on the great plateau of Dartmoor was enormous, and several lives were lost. So far as Great Britain is concerned, no snowstorm for the past hundred years has approached in violence and extent that of December, 1836. After it had been snowing heavily for two days, by the evening of the 26th, the wind increased to a hurricane. The fall of snow that night was four to nine feet, and some of the snow-drifts were twenty, thirty, even fifty feet in depth. "The mails, all business and correspondence were stopped nearly a week, until the the multitudes employed had cut a way in the snow. Several lives were lost in the snow, which was equally great all the island over." Since then have been several winters in which there have been heavy falls of snow, and some in which the mail coaches in various parts of the country had to be dug out of the drifts, as happened to the once famous "Quicksilver" mail so recently as 1842. One night's snowfall was sufficient to bury the coach, and it took seventy men, working all night, to cut a way through the drift and allow it to proceed.—*Exchange.*

THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

At daybreak yesterday 100 trumpeters rode through the streets of the Spanish capital sounding the *Diane* in the ears of the already widely-awakened population; and military bands, stationed in the Plaza Mayor, in the Plazuela de la Villa—in the Plaza de Oriente, where "the best horseman in Spain" sits proudly on his peerless steed of bronze, a miracle of bronze worthy the genius of Galileo which made it possible—in the Plaza de las Cortes and under the fine triumphal arch of the Puerta del Sol and the Puerta del Alcala, played the reveille with stirring effect. The Casa del Ayuntamiento hid its clumsy proportions under superb hangings of crimson velvet; and on the balcony from which Lord Wellington announced to Spain her deliverance from the French invader, two full length portraits of Alfonso and Mercedes, were displayed by the patriotic city government. Hard by a wealth of flags and canopies embellished the ancient palace of the Dukes of Infantado, once inhabited by Ferdinand and Isabella, and now the property of the haughtiest of the Spanish nobility, the Duke of Ossuna, seventeen times a grandee of Spain. In fact the whole city was alive all day and in all parts, with floating flags and glowing tapestries, disposed with that instinct of color and effect which belongs by inheritance to the southern races of Europe. It was last night illuminated brilliantly from the Southern Railway Station and the Botanic Garden near the Church of the Virgin of Atocha to the Garden of the Campo del Moro and the Paseo de la Florida. In the Puerta del Sol stood a magnificent crystal arch emblazoned with the arms of the King and Queen and blazing with jets of clear gas. The streets were literally jammed with people walking about it at noonday, and there was a superb display of fireworks at the Plaza Mayor at 10 o'clock. The ceremony at the church began at 12 o'clock and occupied two hours. It was celebrated by the Patriarch of the Indies, Cardinal Benavides y Navarrete, who was raised to the purple in March, 1877. The royal party arrived at the church in carriages a la Daumont, drawn by eight horses, each with out-riders and running footmen, in the style of the Court of the great ancestor of the Spanish Bourbons, Louis XIV. of France. The young king, though still slight and boyish in appearance, has filled out considerably since he rode on his white charger for the first time through the streets of Madrid in 1874. He wore the uniform of a captain-general of the Spanish army, with the collar of the Golden Fleece, not the one just lost, however, by his royal cousin, the Pretender Don Carlos. The Princess, who, though not a beauty, has an Andalusian grace and fulness of figure, sparkling dark eyes, black and abundant hair, and a lively, spirituelle expression, wore a superb bridal dress entirely of Spanish manufacture. Her train was six metres long, of white velvet starred with silver and fringed with heavy bullion. The skirt was of white satin, made in Valencia and sown with pearls. She wore a superb lace veil, which floated over her whole person and was caught here and there with brooches of diamonds of incomparable brilliancy, the gift of the Duchess of Galliera, who was made famous in Paris a few years ago by her romantic affection for the Princess' father, then the dashing young Duke of Montpensier, and who but the other day insisted upon giving the Duke a splendid residence and property near Bologna, valued at 10,000,000 francs; which was a part of the immense property left by her late husband, and refused, as will be remembered, by her eccentric but complished son.

Among the company which crowded the comparatively small church were the ex-Queen Christina, the grandmother, and the ex-King, Don Francisco de Assis, the father of Alfonso XII.; the King's sister, the Princess of the Asturias, wearing the order of Maria Louisa; the Infanta Donna Christina, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, the Count and Countess of Paris; the Papal Ablegate, the Earl of Rosslyn, special Ambassador from Queen Victoria; the Special Ambassadors of France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Austria, Holland, and Belgium; the Count de Valbom, the Portuguese Minister at Madrid, specially charged with representing his sovereign on this occasion, the Diplomatic Corps in full uniform, the Senators and deputies of the Cortes, a great number of military officers of the highest rank in the dazzling uniforms of the Spanish army, the highest judicial authorities of the realm, and a crowd of the nobility, including the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna, who habitually reside in Belgium, but who have reopened their palace of Las Visillas in Madrid for the royal marriage festivals, the Marquise and Marchioness of Molins, from the Spanish Embassy at Paris, and many other personages of note.

The scene when the royal party and the guests passed out and the grand procession was formed to return to the palace, recalled the stories of the ancient regime, when, as eye-witnesses tell us, it was no uncommon thing to see fifty carriages and eight, with all their gay and sumptuous equipments, defiling at once through the grand court-yard of Versailles, and must have reminded many of those who beheld of the more modern spectacle, never again probably to be seen among men, which the piazza of St. Peter's used to present in the days of the Papal sovereignty over Rome, upon the occasion of a grand ceremony at the Vatican.

The royal procession passed through the Paseo de Atocha, by the Botanic Gardens, the Prado, the Calle de Alcala, the Puerta del Sol, and the Calle Mayor to the magnificent Palace of the Spanish kings, glittering like a snow edifice in the sunlight. There took place a review of the garrison of Madrid and a march past, the King standing to salute his army at the window from which twenty-one years ago poor Don Francisco de Assis displayed him as a little child to the crowd of Madrilenos, chafing and impertinent in the plaza below.

The processional effects of the day closed at ten o'clock last night with a splendid torchlight retreat, made up of 600 musicians, 400 singers, and 2,000 soldiers bearing torches.

The presents offered of course were many and magnificent. To them that have shall be given. The papal ablegate brought two wedding-rings specially blessed by his Holiness, some costly jewels and mosaic work, and a rose of diamonds for the bride, with an expression of hope that she might live to earn the Golden Rose given annually by the Church to its favorite daughter. The King gave his bride his portrait set in gold and diamonds, with an immense number of superb jewels and ornaments, and as a special cadeau de noces a casket of lapis-lazuli mounted on golden lions' claws, in size ten inches by twenty, ornamented with diamond roses, with a rosebud in diamonds for a key, and held together by diamond-headed fastenings. This contained a necklace of eight rows of the finest India pearls, but will hereafter be used to hold the letters of the royal lovers. The bride's father gave her besides a sum of money more than ten times as large as that with which Louis XIV. sent his grandson into Spain in 1701, a mine of diamonds and a wonderful trousseau. Her sister, the Countess of Paris, gave a set of diamonds. The wealthy widow of the millionaire, the Duc de Galliera of Italy, as already mentioned, sent several caskets of long-unworn family jewels from Genoa, pronounced by Caux, of Paris who ought to know, to be finer than anything seen in Europe before or during this generation. The French Government's gift consisted of two Sevres vases four feet high and a tankard of pale blue ware with superbly painted plaques. At the Gobelins there was also manufactured a set of tapestry hangings for the Queen, representing the "Sainte Cene" of Leonardo da Vinci, Murillo's "Assumption" and "The Baptism of Christ." Queen Victoria sent by Lord Rosslyn a bracelet to the bride, with an autograph letter, and the Prince of Wales gave the King an oriental scimitar, brought home by him from India, inlaid, scabbard and hilt, with gold and jewels.

During the fortnight before the wedding the bride's family which left Seville on the 8th, remained at Aranjuez, the favorite early-summer residence of Isabella Segunda. This little town on the Tagus is one of the loveliest in Spain. Charles the V. made the palace his residence in the sixteenth century; his terrible son, the second Philip, improved it; Philip V. the first Bourbon of Spain, rebuilt it, and Charles IV. made extensive alterations in the buildings and gardens. It suffered, like almost everything in and near Madrid, by the vandalism of the invading French. In one of its halls Charles IV. instigated by his wife's friend, Godoy, the Prince of Peace, abdicated in favor of Ferdinand VII. the grandfather of Alfonso. Attractive as the palace is because of its artistic treasures, it is made far more precious by its gardens, its noble trees, among which flourish a dozen grand English elms, and its water works, which rival those of Versailles. It relieves the bare and desolate landscape like an oasis in the desert.

The principal device of the illuminations was a gigantic gas-illuminated triumphal arch in crystal, flanked with revolving crystal illuminated spirals, emblazoned with the arms of the King and Queen in their proper colors. The poor have not been forgotten. Fifty thousand pesetas were distributed among them by the city, and an equal sum from the King's private purse.

To every child born at the capitol on the 23rd a dower of 750 pesetas was assured at its marriage. Ten poor students were selected to receive a free education at college, and ten artists and forty artisans to spend the summer at the Paris Exposition.

Selections.

REVENGE is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

No man can force the harp of his own individuality into the people's heart; but every man may play upon the chords of the people's heart who draws his inspiration from the people's instinct.—*Kossuth.*

The pleasures of the world are deceitful: they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them; they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

Moderation cannot have the credit of combating and subduing ambition—they are never found together. Moderation is the languor and indolence of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardor.—*Rochefoucauld.*

To perish under any circumstances must be dreadful, but to perish near the house of God, where the Gospel is preached, and to which you are affectionately invited, this must be inconceivably fearful!—*J. Smith.*

A prominent Christian worker, who was urged to make public his part in the initiation of a popular religious movement, lest others should get the credit to which he was entitled replied: "In these days of 'trumpets and pitchers, I would rather be broken than blowed."

ONLY by commending itself to his experience will this religion do for any man all the time. There are times when philosophy and theology cannot sustain a man. When troubles accumulate, when death touches him, mere reasoning will not sustain him. He must then know his support.—*Cyrus D. Foss.*

"Come forth out of Thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth! Put on the visible robes of Thy imperial majesty! Take up that unlimited sceptre which Thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed Thee! For now the voice of Thy Bride calleth Thee and all creatures sigh to be renewed!"—*John Milton.*

And is there then such reverence shown towards Thee, my God, in heaven? Such boldness on earth? The angels glorify; men scrutinize; angels raise their voices in praise, men in disputation; they conceal their faces with their wings; but man with a presumptuous gaze would look into Thine unspeakable glory.—*Chrysostom.*

I want that adorning divine,
Thou only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which distinguish Thy household below.

I want every moment to feel
That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.

—*C. Elliott.*

Science and Art.

Cochineal dissolved in ammonia makes an excellent red ink, for use with pen or brush.

MANUFACTURE OF GEMS.—The artificial production of rubies and sapphires in France is regarded as highly successful. The process consists chiefly in heating to redness, for twenty days, a mixture of plumbic aluminate with silica; the alumina crystallizes out in the form of corundum. The addition of potassic bichromate to the mixture turns the corundum to ruby; of cobalt oxide, to sapphire. The artificial gems meet every test which can be applied to the natural ones, and though rather small are large enough to be cut and set as jewels. The recent reduction of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen to liquids has started the suggestion that in this shape they may prove powerful solvents, in which case a new line of research will be opened that might, perhaps, lead to the manufacture of diamonds.

THE BLESSING OF STEAM-POWER.—The aggregate steam-power in use in the world is at present three and one-half millions horse-power employed in stationary engines, and ten millions horse-power in locomotive engines. This force is maintained without the consumption of animal food, except by the miners who dig the coals, and the force maintained in their muscles is to the force generated by the product of their labor about 1 to 1,080. This steam-power is equal to the working force of 25 millions of horses, and one horse consumes three times as much food as one man. The steam-power, therefore, is equivalent to the saving of food for seventy-five millions of human beings. Further, three power-looms attended by one man, produce seventy-eight pieces of cotton fabric, against four pieces produced by one hand-loom worked by one man in the year 1800 A carpenter's planing machine does the work of twenty men.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.—The Dresden gallery is the finest collection north of the Alps. The Sistine Madonna alone is enough to make a gallery famous. It is the most celebrated picture in the world. It has been reproduced so often in copies, engravings, chromos and photographs that it will be difficult to find a person who is not familiar with the conception—the Holy Virgin with the child Jesus in her arms, standing on the clouds, St. Sixtus on her left, below, looking up adoringly, St. Barbara on her right, with her face turned towards the spectator, and beneath two little cherubs leaning over a railing represented near the frame. The pose and action of the figures, especially of the Virgin, are admirable; the expression sweet, pure and rapt. Raphael was in the best period of his life when he painted this picture, and taken altogether—the dignity of the subject, the beauty of the coloring, the symmetry of the composition, and the soul which his genius here best displays—it is worthy of its fame. Properly it occupies a room by itself, and the art lover, who returns to it again and again, finds that it daily increases its hold upon his imagination. The picture is about eight feet seven inches high and six feet four inches wide. It was carefully restored in 1816.

SIMPLE METHOD FOR TANNING LAMB SKIN WITH THE WOOL ON.—Make a strong soap-suds, using hot water; when it is cold wash the skin in it, carefully squeezing it between the hands to get the dirt out of the wool; then wash the soap out with clean cold water; next, dissolve alum and salt, of each half a pound, in a little hot water, which put into a tub of cold water sufficient to cover the skin, and let it soak in it over night, or twelve hours; now hang the skin over a pole to drain; when well drained, spread or stretch carefully on a board to dry. It need not be tacked if drawn out several times with the hand while drying. When yet a little damp, sprinkle pulverized saltpetre and alum (an ounce each mixed together) on the flesh side, rubbing it in well. It is now to hang in the shade for two or three days, the flesh side in until perfectly dry. When entirely dry, scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife to remove any scraps of flesh. Trim off all projecting points, and rub the flesh side with pumice or rotten stone, and with the hands. Prepared in this way, it is white and beautiful, suitable for a door-mat, and also nice for the feet in a sleigh or wagon in cold weather.

Personal.

Dr. Schliemann has become almost totally deaf, and has suspended his explorations to attend to his health.

Rev. C. S. Smith, pastor of a M. E. Church at Nashville, Tenn., and studying medicine, has offered himself for Africa, in response to the call from Bishop Haven.

The President is reported to retain one of his home customs at the White House; every Saturday evening a few friends appear, and they all sing together divers old Methodist tunes.

Rev. Leonard W. Bacon has been engaged to act as stated supply for the Third Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, for the next six months, and began his labors there on a recent Sabbath.

Books and Periodicals.

SACRED STREAMS: The Ancient and Modern History of the Bible. By Philip Gosse, F. R. S., with forty-four Engravings and a Map. A new edition revised by the Author. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York. Pp. 430. Price $1.75, postage 15 cts.

A well written book upon an interesting subject: full of information for old and young, and finely illustrated. It throws much light upon questions likely to arise in the mind of the Bible student, and will be an acquisition to a Sunday-school library.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. Conducted by E. L. and W. J. Youmans. February, 1878. Contents: Evolution of Ceremonial Government; Geysers and how they are explained; The Hygienic Influence of Plants; Counting by the Aid of the Fingers; Modern Life and Insanity; The Growth of the Steam-Engine; The Magnetic Observatory at Madison, Wisconsin; The Chemistry of Fruit-Ripening; Addresses of President Eliot and Professor Marsh; Spontaneous Generation; Sketch of Walter Bagehot; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 549 and 551 Broadway.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA. Edited by Edwards A. Park, George E. Day and Archibald Duff, Jr., with the co-operation of Dr. J. P. Thompson of Berlin and Dr. D. W. Simon of England. Vol. XXXV. January, 1878. Contents: Women Keeping Silence in Churches; The Bearing of Recent Scientific Thought upon Theology; Horæ Samaritanæ; or, a Collection of Various Readings of the Samaritan Pentateuch compared with the Hebrew and other Ancient Versions; A Century of War and its Lesson; Theories of Atonement; The Star of the East; August Tholuck; Recent German Works.—Theological; Notices of Recent Publications. Andover: Published by W. F. Draper. London: Trübner and Co.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL. A Monthly Miscellany of Popular Literature. February, 1878. Contents: The American at Work. Six Illus.; In Doubt; By Celia's Arbor. Three Illus.; A Pause; Stanley's Voyage down the Congo; Augelo; Freedom; "Rip Van Winkle;" Three Rings; Mementos of Mycenæ; The Dying Actor; The Battles of the Birds; A New-Year Greeting; "Cherry Ripe!" From Athens to Corfu; Editor's Table; Books of the Day. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY for February contains, in condensed form, some twenty recent sermons of the greatest of living preachers: Drs. Storrs, Cuyler, Beecher and others of Germany; also many hints at the meaning of texts, sermonic criticisms, and a multitude of suggestions as to preaching, etc. Such discourses are suggestive even when the opposite view must be taken. The price of this Monthly is $2.00 per year, 25 cents single number; The Religious Newspaper Agency, 21 Barclay Street, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending January 26th and February 2d, have the following noteworthy contents: France as a Military Power in 1870 and 1878, by Sir Garnet Wolseley, *Nineteenth Century;* The Little Health of Ladies, by Frances Power Cobbe, *Contemporary Review;* The Czar's Clemency, a Polish Priest's Story, *Cornhill;* The Decay of the Monarchical Principle, *Spectator;* The Greek Mind in Presence of Death, interpreted from Reliefs and Inscriptions on Athenian Tombs, *Contemporary Review;* Ulfilas, the Apostle of the Goths, *Edinburgh Review;* Within the Precincts, by Mrs. Oliphant, from advance sheets; Hydrophobia and Rabies, *Nineteenth Century;* Erica, translated for *The Living Age* from the German of Frau von Ingersleben; Charles Dickens' Verse, *Spectator;* Charles Dickens' Manuscript, *Chambers' Journal;* French Dinners, *Saturday Review;* Fetichism in Animals, *Nature;* Shortsight, *Spectator;* Ruhmkorff, *Nature;* with the usual choice poetry, &c. The back numbers containing the first instalments of "Erica," and a story by Miss Thackeray, are still sent gratis to new subscribers for 1878.

For fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3000 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low, or for $10.50 any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston are the Publishers.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. J. M. TITZEL, Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1878.

TOO MANY PUBLIC SERVICES ON SUNDAYS.

We believe the time is not very far distant, when pastors, who have only a single congregation, will be asked to preach but one regular sermon on each Sunday, and devote an hour in the afternoon to the instruction of the children, as was the design of those who constructed the Heidelberg Catechism. This will not only make the ministry more effective, but give families the evening for Christian culture and enjoyment at home. As it is, our Sundays are overcrowded with public services, to the exclusion of the good influence that should be exercised at the fireside. It is beginning to be felt, that Christianity is losing its domesticity, and the best friends of Sunday-schools are becoming alarmed by the fact, that they are liable to stand injuriously between the family and the Church, by having thrust upon them the duties of both without the ability to perform the functions of either. To show that we are not alone in this, we beg to call attention to an article by Dr. Boardman, which we print on the seventh page of this issue.

What we wish to say now is, that there is at present a prodigality of labor with nothing like the good results that would be attained by a better system involving less harassing toil. To say nothing of pastors, active church members are frequently overworked. In most congregations, everything seems to rest upon a few devoted persons. The majority of the people rest satisfied with their own personal attendance upon the means of grace, and so there is not that proper division of labor, which would make it less onerous. This leaves too many appointments for any one man to fill without a weariness which must tell upon his efficiency.

Besides, the person who attends prayer-meeting and regular service in the forenoon, teaches in the Sunday-school in the afternoon and goes to another service in the evening, can have no time for his family. If he wishes his children taught, he must take them from home, and then commit them to others, who, however able and faithful, cannot in the nature of the case take the place of a parent. All Christian instruction on the Lord's day is thus separated in the mind of the child from the hearth-stone.

We are not prepared to say one word against Sunday-schools, which are an especial blessing to children, who, but for them, would be left in heathenish ignorance; but we think that there might be a modification of our public services, which would relieve the over-crowded Sundays, and at the same time promote efficiency.

That there may be difficulties in doing this is apparent enough. They will be especially complicated by the fact, that charges are often made up of more than one congregation, and that the hours for services are hard to arrange. And even where there is but one congregation, as in the case we are supposing, there may be objections from the fact, that all the members of a family cannot attend the regular service of the Church at the same hour. But the main obstacle will be, that there can at present be no general agreement on the subject, between different churches in the same place. If one is not open, another will be, and while some think a night service especially adapted to catch the floating auditors, others will feel bound to retain the evening hour in self-preservation. A great deal that is now done is in the spirit of rivalry, but the evil of too many services on Sunday is being felt by all, and it is not too much to hope for some re-adjustment, which will conserve the interests of Christianity.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

It is noticeable, that those who slight not only the sacraments of the Church, but some of those lesser rites which have Scriptural sanction, are sure to invent something as a substitute. Some time ago we saw it stated, that a Baptist minister, who did not think children were fit subjects for the initial sacrament, had adopted the plan of publicly blessing them. He thought there ought to be something done to them, as an outward recognition that they might belong to Christ, even before they became such practical and hardened sinners as to need conversion. Of late we find that Rev. Dr. Storrs, a Congregationalist minister of Brooklyn, has established "a very impressive and beautiful, as well as useful custom in his church, in recognition of their baptismal relation." This is described by an exchange, as "something like the ordinance of confirmation in the Catholic and Episcopal Churches, but is entirely divested of sacramental forms, and is not an initiatory rite into the full communion of the Church as with them." Dr. Storrs' habit is to give every seven-year-old child whom he has baptized, a Bible with its name and the date of its baptism inscribed, a bouquet and a kiss. Twenty were lately "thus recognized as having been given in their childhood to the Lord, and dedicated to His service." "How powerful for good," says our contemporary, "must be the influence of such an exercise upon the susceptible minds of childhood."

Certainly it is beautiful, and the child will not be apt to forget it. But why deny the rite of confirmation and then substitute something else for it? With the Romanist confirmation is regarded as a sacrament; with the Episcopalian it is not, nor is it with us, or with the Lutherans and Moravians. But it was, as we think, divinely instituted for the purpose which the word implies, and has more to commend it than bouquets and kisses, however sweet the flowers and babies may be.

We have nothing to say against Dr. Storrs' ceremonial, which it appears has become a custom in his church, nor do we object to its general adoption by those who think its "influence for good" must be "powerful." But it is a mere form, invented by those who profess to despise forms, and is all the more a form, because its professed merit is that it excludes any accompanying grace. The only difficulty with it is, that it cannot be practised, if the babies get too old. We think our German Churches will be apt to continue the practice of confirmation.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

If we would be saved, it is necessary that we should know Christ. Without knowledge of Him, our life must inevitably end in failure and in ruin.

Not any knowledge of Christ, however, will suffice for our salvation. To be saving, this knowledge must be essential and not merely notional. By a notional knowledge, we mean a simple intellectual perception of truth and fact; by an essential, that which grows out of the possession of a common life. Thus our knowledge of the planetary system, of mathematics, of natural philosophy, and of the sciences generally is notional, but our knowledge of man may be said to be essential. Between these two kinds of knowledge, it will readily be perceived, there is a vast difference. The one is obtained mainly through the senses, the other is not. Of the two, the latter is far the deepest, profoundest, and most real.

A merely notional knowledge of Christ, the unregenerate may possess, and, indeed, very frequently do possess. To acquire this kind of knowledge, nothing more is necessary than there is to acquire any other kind of notional knowledge. But an essential knowledge of Christ, those only can possess, who have been born of water and of the Spirit. To acquire this, we must believe. Faith alone is the organ by which we can savingly apprehend, appropriate, and know Christ, and the things which pertain to the Kingdom of God.

Consisting in being born of God—in being really partakers of the life of Christ—the knowledge of Christ is essentially love. "Every one that loveth," says St. John, "is born of God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." The same apostle also declares, that "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." And St. James says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." In a life of love—of love of God, of man, of all that God loves—consists and manifests itself especially that knowledge of Christ, in comparison with which the apostle Paul looked upon all other things as nothing worth. T.

"ASSOCIATION HALL"—A WORD OF COMMENDATION.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of this city, has inaugurated a series of entertainments at its Hall, to which the representatives of the different trades and professions are invited from time to time. On Tuesday evening, the 29th ult., a reception was given to editors, printers, publishers, and manufacturers of printing materials. Stephen G. Winslow, ex-president of the Press Club, presided, with grace and good humor. Col. McClure, of the *Times*, delivered an address upon the "Influence of the Press for Good or Evil," and other gentlemen made interesting statements in regard to the growth of the newspaper and book trade, and the capital and labor employed in this general industry in Philadelphia. The rest of the evening was given to amusements of a promiscuous, but unobjectionable kind. There were humorous recitations and songs of glee, and a well-rendered selection from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," by Sen. Lencioni and Madame Montejo.

We mention this to approve of it, and to say, that if the Young Men's Christian Associations, supported by Christian people, succeed in rescuing popular amusements from the evil influences under which they have fallen, they will do a good work. This is in large part their mission. One great drawback to them has been, that occasionally, young men, startled by the fact that something has been given them to do, have imagined that the work of the Church has been thrown upon their shoulders, and they have accordingly assayed to take the cause of Christianity entirely into their own hands. This is not, however, the original design of these associations. They were intended to afford places of resort where, with good reading matter and pleasant exercises, young men might spend their leisure evenings. And we hold that entertainments of a good, wholesome, joyous character, such as will help to recreate the mind, will prove to be a great blessing. We may preach as much as we will about low theatres, but the way to break them up is to furnish something better. Young people will have amusements, especially if there are idle hours that hang heavily upon them; and if there is no fireside at which such things may be enjoyed, they should be furnished, under proper restraint, at such places as Association Hall.

THE CECILIAN SOCIETY.

On Monday evening, the 28th ult., the "Cecilian Society," of Philadelphia, gave a concert in the Academy of Music, and the large building was filled by a most appreciative audience. The work rendered was Mendelssohn's Sacred Oratorio of "St. Paul." The society was assisted by Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, with Mr. Michael H. Cross, Conductor, and the following artists: Mrs. Helen Ames Billings, soprano; Mrs. A. H. Darling, contralto; Mr. Geo. Simpson, tenor; Mr. Emil Gaston, baritone, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney, bass. The concert is conceded to have been one of the best of the kind ever given in Philadelphia. It could not well have fallen below a very high standard with such an array of professional talent and home cultivation. Thomas' Orchestra is always a guarantee, that music will be classical, and besides the local reputation of Mrs. Billings and Mrs. Darling, the splendid bass voice of Mr. Whitney, whose enunciation, it is said, was distinctly heard by one hundred thousand people at the inauguration of the Centennial Exhibition, could not fail to excite expectations, which, in this case, met the demands of all except the hyper-critical. But independent of the enterprise which secured this reliable support, the Cecilian Society itself deserves great credit for the manner in which it has helped, at vast outlay of time and care, first to raise, and then to meet, the popular ideas of musical taste and skill.

The relations of papers like the MESSENGER to entertainments like the one now under notice, is peculiar. Comparatively few of our readers may be concerned with what may be regarded as having only a local interest, and remarks upon such things may be a dead loss all around. Yet such topics have a general bearing, and the concert which has just been given, furnishes us an occasion to say, that in every locality the pure, the beautiful and the good should be cultivated and encouraged. When the Cecilian Society comes before the public again, we hope the people of Philadelphia will greet it with a patronage even greater than that which awarded its merits on the evening of the 28th, and that its success will inspire people in every community to efforts which will promote true æsthetic taste and Christian art.

Notes and Quotes.

It is announced, that Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle, has engaged himself to a Boston lecture bureau. Terms: One hundred and fifty dollars per night.

The person who persuades an unsophisticated child, that it can attend two Sunday-schools with great advantage, will be sure to tell it that one is enough, when it has been drawn away from its spiritual home into the denominational establishment, of which the pious missionary is a zealous member. "All going to the same heaven, you know."

Judge Westbrook, of Utica, New York, has recently charged the grand jury, that a lottery is a lottery, whether conducted in a church or anywhere else, and that it is none the less a violation of the law, because held in a sacred place and in the interest of a benevolent object. "This," the *Times* says, "is unhappy news at this season of the year, when church fairs are doing a reasonable business."

The Marquis of Salisbury, speaking in the English Parliament in defense of the action of the Ministry in reference to the Eastern War, placed Her Majesty's subjects above the children of God. He said, if correctly reported: "The government had done all in their power to secure peace and comfort for the Christians in Turkey, but would not do anything to imperil British subjects or their interests for the sake of all the Christians in the world."

The *Churchman*, that talks a great deal to the denominations, and thinks English Episcopacy is the only asylum for the evils with which the Body of Christ is afflicted, gets this notice from the *Golden Rule*: "Meditating upon the developments and sequel of the Merriam case, and upon the fact that a Congregational minister in good and regular standing preaches every Sunday to the flock of the late Theodore Parker, the *Churchman* is not surprised that 'many good spirits and true in the Congregational communion are looking toward the Church'—with a capital C, which implies the Episcopal Church. 'But suppose,' asks the *Sun*, 'these good spirits and true chance to get a glimpse of Canon Farrar, aloft in Westminster pulpit, explaining that the wrath and everlasting damnation, from which he publicly prays every Sunday to be delivered, are figures of speech.' The dilemma is really dreadful. At this rate, 'the friends of eternal punishment' will have to be very sure of their direction, before they adopt the cry of the poet's Satan: 'Which way I fly is hell!'"

Among the Exchanges.

The *Sunday-School Times*, which has been calling attention to improprieties in prayer, has this to say in addition to what we quoted a few weeks ago, which is suggestive:

"We need not dwell upon the perverse phases of 'opening with prayer,' such as the prayer communicating information about affairs in the Sunday-school; the prayer with complimentary allusions to visitors present; the prayer with vicious little digs in it at people or parties obnoxious to the speaker. We all know them, and most of us, let it be hoped, do not like them. But the last place in which they ought to intrude, the first place from which they ought to be scouted, is the place where little children gather to be taught and helped to worship God.

How to keep them out—this is a difficult question. One suggestion may be offered as having general, though not universal application. When you see a strange gentleman in a back seat, and some one steps up to say that that is Mr. Quidam, the great Sunday-school man, and that he would like to be asked to 'open with prayer,' don't you do it, not if he is Robert Raikes and Albert Woodruff rolled into one. Your children don't want a distinguished prayer by an eminent gentleman. They want a plain prayer in a familiar voice, by an old friend whom they know, and who knows them. And if you feel timid about it, and distrustful of your power to lead their petitions fitly, there is reason to hope that you are just the man for the duty yourself."

The following from the *Methodist Recorder* is commended to the attention of all, and especially to those churches of which new pastors have been appointed:

"Another word for the new pastor: Give him sunshine in his home. He will be lonely, and his family will be timid, hesitant and isolated at first. Do not expect much service for awhile. Call at the parsonage as neighbors. Talk about nearest and most needed things at first. See that the material side of religion is all right—the larder, the coal-house, the wardrobe Christ first blessed the bodies of the people. The Gospel touches the physical nature first of all. It feeds. It clothes. It cleanses. It makes home cheerful, and then it makes a thousand other joys. It regulates common things. It has a business hand as well as a baptismal power.

Then be neighborly toward the pastor. Make his surroundings cheerful. Give him a fair chance at the start. Don't begin your acquaintance by any talk about the abstract theories, the doctrines. Don't quiz the new pastor to ascertain whether he holds precisely the same views you hold on shades of opinion—or even on what you may consider essential points of doctrine. Don't preach to the pastor before he gets a chance to preach to the people. Take him in good faith. He comes with the endorsement of the conference. If there be unfortunately any divisions or parties in the congregation, don't tell the new preacher a word about it. If he never knows, it is all the better for you and him and them. Don't expect him to be anybody's advocate but Christ's. Don't ask him to adopt any methods but such as the Gospel and common sense, the discipline and the circumstances warrant. Give the pastor a chance."

If we had anything to add to the above, we would say, do not "take on" too heavily about your former minister. Every man will take it as a good sign if his predecessor is well spoken of, but there is such a thing as making this offensive, as when the praise implies that you never expect to see his like again. Such comparisons are frequently wounding and discouraging, inasmuch as they show a disposition not to be satisfied with any one, as well as with the man who has just left you. A new minister among strangers has enough to contend against without that.

The following article on "Vaticanizing Scotland," which we clip from an editorial of the *Press*, ought to startle those who think the Church of Rome is making no progress:

"It is a historical fact, within living memory, that near the close of the year 1850, Pius IX. established a new Papal hierarchy in England and Wales, at the head of which was placed Dr. Wiseman, then created a cardinal, and appointed to be the first Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. The Sovereign and the Prime Minister, respectively Queen Victoria and Lord John Russell, regarded this as an aggression, and a good deal of indignation was expressed, chiefly among the middle class of society, belonging to the Church of England and to the Wesleyan Methodists. An act of Parliament was passed restrictive of the Pope's authority in England, but, in the meantime, the new hierarchy was duly installed—after which society went on much as before, neither Pope nor Inquisition being brought over to England. But, at the time, there was some indignation and much excitement, which soon died away.

It was lately announced that it was determined at the Vatican to restore the Papal hierarchy in Scotland, in which country the Reformation was established three hundred years ago, mainly by the efforts of John Knox, immediately before the return of Mary Queen of Scots from her thirteen years' residence in France. There now are three Catholic bishops and 241 priests in Scotland, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen being the respective localities of these sees. The reported intention of supplying additional Catholic prelates to Scotland does not appear to have agitated the public mind there to any noticeable extent, though Presbyterianism has always been very anti-Catholic there. It is not improbable that whenever the Papal bull, making a new ecclesiastical settlement, shall arrive in Scotland, nobody will even talk of opposing it.

It is stated that Archbishop Eyre, now resident of Glasgow, will probably be created cardinal, and appointed to act as Primate in Scotland. The Rev. E. Vaugham, of Herefordshire, is spoken of as likely to be Bishop of Perth, one of the proposed new sees. We mention these things partly because our

readers ought to be "posted" in the ecclesiastical history of the day, and partly because the coolness with which the new "aggression" has been received contrasts favorably, as well as remarkably, with the excitement which prevailed on a Papal invasion of the same sort twenty-seven years ago in England."

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

TRIP TO BERKS COUNTY.

On the Third Sunday of Epiphany, it was our privilege to visit some of our large German congregations in Berks county, by invitation of pastor W. F. P. Davis, some account of which may be of interest to our readers. In the forenoon, he preached at Sinking Spring, a small town on the Lebanon Valley Railroad, not far from Reading, now pretty well-known as the point in the road, where persons visiting Lancaster, turn off the branch road leading to Columbia. It received its name from a fountain near the village, that flows freely during the greater part of the year, and then dries up entirely for several months. It is difficult to account for this fact, because perennial springs abound in the neighborhood, and the wells, which are sunk, seldom if ever fail. The church here is a large one, owned by the Reformed, although the Lutherans have the right to preach in it. The congregation is also large, but not very large for Berks county. It numbers about three hundred members. It was refreshing to see the church so well filled below, and above in the three galleries, with attentive worshipers. Galleries are still useful, necessary in some places. In the afternoon, we preached at the well-known Hains' church, about five miles off, and presented the cause of missions to the people, as we had done in the forenoon. This is also a large church, numbering about five hundred members, the only one, we were told, in Berks county, in which the services are exclusively Reformed. The old building, though large, no longer meets the wants of the congregation. It was put up in colonial times, in 1766, with walls three feet thick. Last fall some of the communicants could not get into the church, and had to hold their communion by faith on the outside. In the spring it is to be enlarged by the addition of fifty feet to its breadth, which will then be in its length. This will no doubt, increase the attendance, because now the people are not all sure of getting a seat when they come to church, and some must stand during the services. Over the door of the church, there is an inscription in sandstone, now scarcely legible, a part of which says, that every one going in and out of the door, *muss Gott und dem König unterthänig sein.* The stone is to be preserved. There are some things in both of these churches, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the stranger, besides the large attendance. There was the utmost gravity in every countenance, reverence, good order, and strict attention throughout. There was no looking about during any of the services, much less whispering, as we witness sometimes in our city churches and elsewhere. Every eye seemed fixed on the preacher, something which is well calculated to impress him with a sense of his duty and responsibility. Old and young were there, but seldom have we seen so many young girls and boys at church, and so well behaved. Many of these latter had to stand in the gallery, or in the steps at Hains' church, and I must say, they stood it well. Die Zucht ist gut. Es bleibe so.

As is well-known, the churches in this section of the country formerly were not accustomed to contribute to benevolent purposes. All that is now changed, and all, I believe, are doing something. The brethren, both at the Spring and Hains', seemed to be responsive to the claims of the poor missionary, as well as impressible to the words of the Lord Jesus. The collections in both congregations for missions were liberal. The brethren, who labor in the rural districts of Berks, have, as we think, many reasons to be encouraged. Their field is a peculiar one, but much has been done already, and with the divine help, much more will be done in the future. So let us cast our seed along all waters.

At Sinking Spring, the church still wore its festal Christmas robes, and as the Sunday-school celebration at Christmas had been so successful, it was repeated with some variations, the evening after our return from the country. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, Professor Reily, and the writer. There did not seem to be anything anomalous in this. It seemed to be only an extension of Christmas, which, after all, is the true meaning of the Epiphany period. Everything passed off impressively, and it is hoped, that all present were edified. The churches of Berks county have a future, as we believe.

SUPERINTENDENT.

For The Messenger.

A VISIT TO HICKORY CREEK MISSION, FAYETTE COUNTY, ILLS.

Seventeen years ago, the writer organized a congregation at the above place, out of members gathered together by the licentiate, Wm. Gilpin. He was led to do so, by an inquiry made through your columns by Brother Peter Swarm. The enterprise proved successful. After Brother Gilpin's ordination, a house for worship was erected and dedicated, and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit is still manifest there, through the earnest membership, of more than a score of persons, though they have been without a regular pastor for several years. Two years ago, during the sacred Easter season, I was among them on invitation, and held a few weeks' services, closing with the Holy Communion of the Lord's Supper, baptizing the infant membership, and consoling the aged and afflicted. They desired me to become their pastor. Circumstances would not then permit me to give them any encouragement in that direction, notwithstanding the abiding interest I felt in their behalf.

Last spring another invitation was received from them, to become their pastor. My connection with the Blairstown Academy, as agent to dispose of the property, tied my hands in a financial way. This prevented me from giving them any encouragement. Still, my heart all the while yearned for their welfare. They, and even some outside of the membership, wrote to me, urging me at least, to pay them a visit. On the 17th of January, I was again accordingly among them, occupying the sacred desk and administering to them the word of eternal life. They, indeed, belong to the number, of whom the Great Shepherd of Israel speaks, when He says, "My sheep hear My voice, and the voice of a stranger they will not hear."

Many, like the dove finding no rest for the sole of the foot, came to the window of the ark, to be taken in for safety, and to feed on food which the world has not to give. Services were held on Thursday evening, and on Friday morning and evening. On Saturday afternoon, services preparatory to the Holy Communion were held. I took for my text, Job 42: 5–6, reiterating the patient words of a tried saint. His would be comforters were put to shame by the integrity of Job, and God bore witness to the faithfulness of His servant. Like Peter and Paul, beholding themselves in the light of God, he humbled himself like a little child, and then truly could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

A singular coincident providence occurred on Sunday morning. Just as Brother Christian Swarm and his wife, who had come eight miles to church, were getting ready to repair to the Courts of God, a messenger arrived, saying, "Your barn, with all its contents, wheat, oats, corn and hay, machinery, and two colts, has been consumed by fire, the loss being at least $1,000." They are consoled as Job consoled himself, and we believe their comforters will not be like Job's miserable ones, but tangible comforters, who will lend a helping hand. "Oh, Lord, my Lord, my goodness extendeth not unto Thee, but to Thine in the earth;" and James says, "Pure and undefiled religion is to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction."

It may be proper to add, that although we did not intend to hold service on Saturday evening, yet the outside pressure desiring it, we yielded, as did the Master, when asked to feed the hungry, saying, "Now, if it should rain, you will be expected to attend." Though the sky at the time was clear, rain did come with the evening. The attendance still was good, and the attention marked. "My word shall not return unto me void."

The Holy Communion indeed was a refreshing season. We cannot discern the thoughts and intents of the heart, but it did appear as though the wedding garment had been put on the participants. The collection taken up was a spontaneous one; still it yielded more than enough to bear all expenses, incurred by your unworthy correspondent, in traveling over six hundred and fifty miles. Then comes the separation. "Shall our church building remain vacant? Can we calculate on you becoming our pastor?" they asked. I could only reply: "Well, I am not my own. The Lord will provide." "How much must you have?" was the next question. "My dear brethren, I once was a merchant. This is no merchandizing business. You know your own ability. I dare not dictate. One thing, however, is certain. You are thrown on your own resources. The Missionary Board is hampered. You must strain every nerve. If I should ever come to remain among you, money or country would not induce me to come."

I would say to the Church at large; "This is a most worthy people, and they most earnestly desire a pastor." They added: "If you cannot come, can you not help us to get a minister?" Let this be considered a call to any of our ministerial brethren or licentiates, who desire a field of labor; one in regard to the trustworthiness of whose membership, no question can be raised. They will do all in their power to support one, who will perform a disinterested work among them; whose aim and heart's desire will be to win souls for Christ. Quite a number of candidates for church membership are waiting as lambs to be fed. Where are the Peters, who will say, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," and the lambs shall be fed as well as the sheep?

The inquiry now-a-days is too frequently, locality, country, salary, etc., and not enough of the free response, "Lord, here am I; send me wheresoever Thou wilt." Hence, also it is, no doubt, that there is little or no fruit in many places. Truly the field is white for the harvest, and the laborers are few; yet many seem to stand idle in the market places, and say, "No man hireth us." Here is an opening for self-denying labor. A penny you will certainly get, even if you come at the eleventh hour. Therefore, answer the call.

Methinks I hear some one say: "Why do you not respond to this people's call, and say, I will go?" We reply, "Man proposeth, but God disposeth." As already stated, our hands are tied. We are serving the Church, holding for sale for the benefit of Iowa Classis, a farm as good as Iowa can afford, practically no better, of 220 acres. It is located in a first-class community, near the county seat, Vinton, Benton county, Iowa. As soon as this is disposed of, our exploring missionary work shall not be longer delayed, even if it be to locate as pastor at Hickory Creek, Fayette county, Ills. The field is open. Let him enter it who will. It is near Vandalia, the old Capitol of the State, on the great National Road, and where the Illinois Central and Terra Haute and St. Louis R. Rs., cross each other. Henry Swarm is Elder. His post-office address is Hickory Creek, Fayette county, Illinois. He is ready to hear from any minister of the Reformed Church.

GEORGE WEBER.

Vinton, Iowa, January 25th, 1878.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Sunday-school Convention of the Schuylkill county District of Lebanon Classis, held a meeting on the 22d and 23d of January in Trinity Church, Tamaqua, Pa., Revs. J. O. Johnson, J. P. Stein, C. Baum, H. Leisse, H. A. Keyser, J. G. Neff, I. E. Graeff, P. A. Schwartz, E. D. Miller and J. H. Hartman; and the lay delegates: H. G. Scheirer, A. Gabbert, J. Becker, F. Hassel, C. Gottschall, G. Widderhold, H. Weber, Mrs. Raber, and Mrs. Beltz, were in attendance.

Three sessions were held, viz.: on the evening of the 22d, and afternoon and evening of the 23d. The large attendances upon each of these meetings was beyond doubt, an earnest of the interest the people of this community manifest in the great and good cause of the Sunday-school work.

The subjects: 1. What relation should the consistory sustain to the Sunday-school?

2. How should the festive days of the Church be kept by Sunday-schools?

3. What should our Sunday-school hymns be?

4. The best method of conducting a Sunday school?

5. The best method of conducting an infant department? were discussed with deliberation, earnestness and spirit. We believe that all present, were favorably and lastingly impressed by the arguments produced by the speakers.

There is much room for improvement in many Sunday-schools of our District, and the holding of Conventions of this character, at which the views of experienced and earnest workers are interchanged, and the best methods for the training of the young, in the doctrines of our holy religion, suggested, is one of the most efficient means, by which a new state of affairs can be introduced into the management of so invaluable a work as that of the Sunday-school.

After an instructive and highly interesting session, we adjourned on the evening of the 23d, feeling that it was good to have been here; and hoping, by the kind providence of God, to meet again on the 19th and 20th of February, at Minersville, further to consider the interests of this important sphere of our Master's work.

J. H. H.

For The Messenger.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE.

It may be gratifying to the friends of the Church, and of the MESSENGER in particular, to know, that the circulation of the paper is increasing within the bounds of Maryland Classis. I have, during the week, been canvassing in the Glade charge, Rev. O. E. Lake, pastor, and have received in the Glade congregation alone twenty-one new subscribers, and have several families yet to call on. That speaks well for the old Glade, and shows that the MESSENGER still has a hold upon the affections of the people. There are three other congregations in the charge, which I expect also to visit, and hope good results from my labors there. Some weeks ago, I canvassed the Middletown charge and secured fifty-three subscribers. I also canvassed the Jefferson charge and secured sixteen subscribers. I expect in due time to visit the remaining charges of the Classis, and if they all do in proportion to the above, the pastors will have encouraging reports to make in regard to the MESSENGER in their charges, at the annual meeting of Classis in the Spring.

H.

Walkersville, Md., Jan 26, '77.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. H. H. W. Hibschman was installed pastor of the Mt. Bethel charge, Northampton county, Pa., on New Year's day, by a committee of the East Pennsylvania Classis. The services took place at the Centreville church, and as the weather was quite propitious, a large concourse of people was in attendance. Rev. T. O. Stem preached the sermon, which was based on 2 Cor. v. 20. He also conducted the installation service. Rev. D. Y. Heisler attended to the opening services, and also, at the close of the installation act, made a few pertinent remarks. The new pastor has a fine field for labor opened up before him, and, it is hoped, God will enable him diligently to cultivate it.

The Licentiate J. G. Neff was ordained to the work of the ministry, and installed as pastor of the Shenandoah Mission, Schuylkill county, Pa., on the 25th of January, by a committee of the Lebanon Classis, consisting of the Rev. H. A. Keyser, C. Baum, and J. H. Hartman, the first named preaching the sermon on the occasion.

From a brief communication, received from a correspondent, we are pleased to learn, that the church at Easton, Pa., of which the Rev. Dr. T. C. Porter is pastor, gives evident indications of growing prosperity. A number of improvements have recently been made to the church property. The exterior of the church, including the steeple, has been freshly painted, the interior of the parsonage remodeled, and a flagstone pavement laid the length of the property on Church street. The greater portion of the funds to cover these improvements, as well as for the erection of a monument over the remains of their late pastor, the Rev. Dr. John Beck, were contributed by the ladies of the church.

The congregation is prospering not only in a material respect, but also in reference to spiritual things. The audiences are increasing from Sunday to Sunday, as is also the number of scholars in the Sunday-school. A catechetical class was commenced a few months ago. The lectures of the pastor are well received, and the number of catechumens attending them is large, many of whom, it is expected, will be received into full communion with the church at the Easter communion.

We are pleased to be able to add some personal testimony to the correctness of the statements of our correspondent. It was our privilege to be present with the Sunday-school, and also to preach in this church, on Sunday morning, the 27th instant. The Sunday-school was largely attended, and the church well filled on the occasion. We were struck with the large proportion of men included in the audience. Other signs of prosperity are likewise at hand. We are also gratified to be able to add, that we found a large audience present at St. Mark's church, of which the Rev. T. O. Stem is pastor, and to which it was our privilege to preach on the evening of the same day. The church of which the Rev. D. Y. Heisler is pastor, we were informed, is likewise in a prosperous condition.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Turbutville congregation, Mount Zion charge, of which the Rev. Z. A. Yearick is pastor, on the 20th of January. It was a refreshing season. Twenty persons were added to the church, sixteen by confirmation, three of whom received adult baptism, three on renewal of profession, and one by certificate. These, together with two others, who were received on renewed profession, at a previous communion, makes the additions to this congregation twenty-two during the present pastorate of nine months.

The Sunday-school Teachers' Association of the Reformed churches in Reading, Pa., celebrated its fourteenth anniversary on Wednesday evening, the 30th of January, in the audience room of the First church. The attendance was large, including the superintendents of the several schools, the ministers of the Reformed churches of Reading, and the Professor N. C. Schaeffer, who delivered the address of the occasion on "Christ the Model Teacher," which was able, appropriate and timely. The following is a summary of the statistics, embodied in the annual report of the President of the Association:

The combined Sunday-schools of the Association have 239 officers and teachers, 2,127 scholars, and collected $1,374 43 during the past year for current expenses and benevolent purposes. Two teachers and 10 scholars died during 1877. The schools use 1,825 Sunday-school papers and 1,375 Lesson Leaves, and the combined Sunday-school libraries contain 4,200 volumes. The largest school is that connected with the First church, which numbers 48 officers and teachers, and 706 scholars. It is the Mother of the Reformed Sunday-schools of Reading, and its history dates back to the time when this city was but a small town. The Second Reformed school deserves a diploma for liberality. It collected $363.24 from a membership of 379. St. Paul's Memorial is the most regularly attended. The average attendance last year was 347 out of a membership of 398. Out of the 2,366 persons reported as being connected with the Reformed Sunday-schools, 12 are reported to have died during the year, though it is believed that all have not been reported.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

In connection with a communion in the church at Littlestown, Pa., of which the Rev. John Ault is pastor, held on the 27th of January, eleven persons were added to the church by confirmation. Notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather, the communion was the largest ever held in the church.

From the account furnished by a correspondent, we are gratified to learn, that the Christmas festival is receiving increased attention in the Valley of Virginia, as well as elsewhere. At Grace church on Mill Creek, Shenandoah county, Va., of which the Rev. B. R. Carnahan is pastor, Christmas eve proved a very pleasant and happy occasion. There was a large attendance by both old and young. Though the Mill Creek charge is one of the oldest in Virginia, yet never before the present Christmas season was its return marked by any special observances. For about two weeks, the pastor, with the assistance of some young gentlemen and ladies, was engaged in putting the church in suitable holiday attire. The usual festooning, intermingled with appropriate mottoes and devices, adorned the church. The Christmas tree, heavily laden with gifts for the Sunday-school scholars and other children present, occupied its appropriate place.

The choir opened the services by singing the beautiful ode known as the "Silent Night." The lesson for the day was then read, which was followed by prayer and the repetition of the Creed. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Grim of the United Brethren Church, and the pastor, the former directing his remarks to the children and the latter, to the adults. Music intervened between the addresses. The lighting up of the tree and the distribution of the gifts which followed, together with the music, brought the joy of the occasion to its height. Everything passed off very pleasantly. It was also generally felt that profit, as well as delight, was derived from all that occurred; and an earnest desire was expressed that future Christmas seasons may be spent in a similar manner.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

The Rev. J. W. Alspach, pastor of the Sugar Creek charge, Butler county, Pa., has just brought the communions in his congregations to a close. Notwithstanding the bad condition of the roads and the unfavorable nature of the weather, they were largely attended, and much interest was manifested in the services. At the communion at Millerstown, which was held on the 13th of January, he was assisted by the Rev. T. F. Stauffer, of the Butler Orphans' Home. The communion in St. Paul's church, at Barnhart's Mills, was held on the 20th of January. Eleven persons were added to the church, ten by confirmation and one on renewal of profession. Three infants also were baptized. The contributions to benevolence amounted to $32. During the late fall of the year, one person over seventy-two years of age was received into the church by baptism and confirmation.

WESTERN CHURCH.

The pastor of the Boulder charge, Iowa Rev. D. P. Lefevre, was kindly favored by his people, with a donation visit on the 15th of January, which netted him about fifty dollars in value, in corn, oats, provision and money. This is the second or third time this people have remembered him in a similar way; besides at all times manifesting a sort of overflowing goodness akin to the Lord's mercies. It is no wonder that the pastor's heart overflows with gratitude, and that he most ardently invokes upon his people the rich blessings of Heaven.

Thirteen persons were added to the church at Wadsworth, Ohio, of which the Rev. S. C. Gross is pastor, at a communion held on the 20th instant, three by confirmation, and ten by certificate and renewal of profession. He was also recently favored with a donation visit from his people, which resulted in adding much to the temporal comfort of himself and family.

The Rev. M. Louck's, who has charge of a mission at Somerset, Ohio, reports a recent accession of eleven to the membership of his flock.

The Kinnikinnik congregation, Ohio, of which the Rev. A. Henry is pastor, received an accession of ten to its membership, in connection with a communion held on the 20th instant, seven by confirmation, and three by certificate. Of the former one received adult baptism, and of the whole number, five are heads of families.

Rev. J. Richards of Fremont, Ohio, reports an accession of thirteen persons to his congregation at that place.

Seventeen persons were recently added to the church at Winomac, Indiana.

F.

ALMANAC FOR 1878.

The English Almanac for 1878 is ready for distribution. It is a neat affair, and will be sold at the following rates.

12 Copies for	$0.70
50 " " "	$2.75
100 " " "	$5.25
144 " " "	$7.25

When sent by mail one cent per copy must be added for prepayment of postage. The charges for freight are to be paid by those to whom they are sent by express.

A single copy will be sent by mail on receipt of ten cents.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have received a supply of this Almanac, which we will sell at publisher's prices, namely, $1.00 per dozen, postage prepaid when sent by mail. Ten cents per single copy, from which twenty-five per cent. will be deducted, when sent by Express, and more than one dozen are ordered. A sample copy sent by mail on receipt of twelve cents.

Married.

In Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa., Jan. 19th, 1878, by Rev J. B. Kerschner, Mr. J. N. Dreibelbis, to Miss Mary Jane Miller, both of Upper Paxton Twp., Dauphin Co., Pa.

On the 1st of January, at the residence of the bride, by Rev. Louis F. Zinkhan, Mr. Adam Long, of Petersburgh, to Miss Hannah Christ, of Franklin Co., Pa.

On the 20th of January, at the residence of the bride, by Rev. Louis F. Zinkhan, Mr. Joseph K. Hall, to Miss Mary A. Felger, both of East Hempfield, Lanc. Co., Pa.

On the 20th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Geo. P. Hartzell, Mr. Harvey D. Vonada, of Zion, to Miss Angeline J. Hoy, of Jacksonville, Centre Co., Pa.

On the 24 h inst., at the Reformed parsonage, Jacksonville, by the same, Mr. Isaac H. Clevenstine, of Hublersburg, to Miss Mary E. Walker, of Walker Township, Centre Co., Pa.

At the residence of the bride's parents, near Berlin, Pa., January 17th, by the Rev. S. R. Brickenbaugh, Mr. Simon F. Hay, to Miss Sarah M. Suder.

Obituaries.

DIED—Jan. 19th, at Sharpsburg, Md., Mrs. Rosanna Hill, aged 65 years, 2 months and 18 days.

Mrs. Hill had been an invalid for a number of years. She was a member of the Reformed church from early life; and by her exemplary devotion to her Saviour, and her meek resignation to her heavenly Father's will, she left a rich legacy to her sorrowing husband and children. Her funeral services were held in the Reformed church, on the 22d, in the presence of a large and sympathizing assemblage of people, when her pastor, Rev. A. C. Geary, preached a sermon. Rest in peace!

DIED—At Sharpsburg, Md., Jan. 20th, Allen Russell, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mumma, aged 1 year, 2 months and 11 days.

DIED—At his residence, near Hublersburg, Centre Co., Pa., January 11th, 1878, after an illness of about six weeks, Adam Decker, Sr., aged 81 years, 6 months and 24 days.

The thanks of the family are hereby tendered to the friends and neighbors for their many kind attentions and assistance, before and at the funeral of the deceased. Every thing was done that kind hearts imagined necessary, and it is with grateful feelings, that these kindnesses are acknowledged. W. D,

DIED—On the 22d of January, in Broadheadsville, Monroe Co., Pa., Harvey Elmer, son of Rev. T. A. Huber, aged 9 years, 8 months and 27 days.

Deeply do the parents feel this bereavement of an only child. Little Harvey was a good, obedient boy, and a great comfort to his parents. He gave promise of something greater. His early death seems to have cast a gloom over an extensive neighborhood, and much sympathy is manifested on the part of Bro. Huber's people.

He was taken sick of diphtheria on Saturday evening, previous to his death, and in two days and three nights, this malignant disease had done its work. He repeatedly engaged in earnest prayer, and after giving his parents "good-bye," he resignedly fell asleep in Jesus. On the following Thursday morning, suitable services were held at the house of mourning. The Sunday-school, of which he was a favorite member, sang two very appropriate hymns, after which Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, spoke in the German language words of consolation, on the prayer of the suffering Saviour, "Thy will be done!" His remains were then conveyed to Northampton county, and interred on the following day, at the "Stone church," near Kreidersville, Pa., it having been his wish while yet living to be buried there. At these services the brethren I. K. Loos, D. F. Brendle and C. A. Rittenhouse were expected to officiate.

Acknowledgments.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.

Received per Rev J F Busche, from Jno Lutz, $10.00; L Renn $5.00;	$15 00
Rev C Borchers, from a lady member of St John's cong, Baltimore	5 00
Rev T F Hoffmeier, from Ref S School, Middletown, Md	20 00
Rev C Becker, Glassboro, from his S School	4 00
Rev J B Kniest, Buffalo, from a member of his congregation	10 00
Rev C T Martin, Franklin, Wisc, from Carl Maurer	1 00
Rev John Bachman, Cincinnati, from his cong, $10.00; from Mrs Schaetterle, $1.00;	11 00
Rev J Dahlman, from Emanuel S School, W Philadelphia	20 00
Rev Ch Keller, from Emanuel cong, Bridesburg, Pa	7 49
	$93 40

WM. D. GROSS, Treas,
Box 2147, Philadelphia, Pa.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Received per Elias Schellenberger, Treas of Tohickon Classis, from Rev F J Mohr, Quakertown, Pa., $24, Rev W R Yearick, Hilltown, Pa, $15, and Rev D Rothrock, Durham, $15, of which $39 have been paid to a particular studeat $54 60

SAML. K. FISHER, Treas.

LETTER LIST.

Alspach, Rev J W, Andre, John, Amer News Co, Apple, Rev J H.

Brenneman, E A, Barnhart, P S, Beam, Susan, Bowman, Rev J C, Boush, Esq, C M, Bachman, Rev J N, Bussard, J E, Boyer, F R, Bartholomew, Rev A, Bausman, Rev Dr B.

Clever, Rev C, Conrad, S W H, Crawford, Rev J, Carnahan, Rev B R, Crooks, G R, Cowan, Mrs Mary.

Daniel, Isaac, Detrick, Rev J D, Dieffenbacher, Rev E H, (2), Derr, Rev T, Decker, W, Deatrick, W W, Dieffenbacher, Rev D S, Douglas, Ada, Dice, Peter S, Deegler, Rev J G.

Everhart, Dr O T, Everhart, G P, Evans, Rev L K, (2).

Fread, H W, Fouse, Rev D S, Fornwald, Peter, Fritzinger, Mrs M, Fulmer, L H, Farver, Mary.

Gobrect, N A, (2), Gerhart, Rev H L, Griffith, Jas H, Gans, Rev Dr D, Gerhard, Rev W T, Getz, U P, Geyer, W M, Gross, D W, Grant, Rev James, Gring, Rev D, Gill, W C.

Hoffmeier, Mrs Lucy, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, Henneman, Rev J C, Heilman, Rev U H, Hoskins, Geo, Heller, Rev A J, Hadderman, A, Houtz, Rev A, Hiester, Rev E E, Herbert, Rev W H, Heilman, Dr S P, Hunt, H M, Heilman, Jacob, Harper & Bro, Hahn, F B.

Kline, E D, Kremer, Rev Dr F W, Krouse, John, Koplin, Rev A B, Keller, F, Kline, M J, Knoble, D, Kerschner, Rev L M, Kerschner, Rev B, Kremer, Rev L G.

Lerch, A S, Lichliter, Rev W F, Leisering, Trexler & Co, Levan, W J, Lentz, Henry, Lady, Rev D B, Lefevre, Rev D P.

McEntee, Rebecca, Miller, Daniel, Moyer, C F, Mayer, Rev L J, Miller, L E, Miller, T N, Mease, Rev Dr S, Mark, M, Miller, W B, Miller, Susan, Morgan, G F, Murray, H L.

Nagle, J C, (2).

Pearson, H B, Peters, Rev J A, Pennypacker, Rev J J, Potr, Kate.

Rader, Jacob, Rice, W P, Rinker, J F, Rupp, Kate, Romich, Rev A, Reager, F, Richards, J, Ream, A.

Slagle, C S, Shuford, Rev M L, Sykes, Rev J H, Schwartz, C H, Schweitzer, A J, Sweitzer, Thos, Snyder, Rev N Z, (2), Steckel, Rev L D, Schaefer, C A, Schick, Rev J M, Skyles, Rev N H, Stephan, A N, Swander, Rev J I, Scott, Howard, Standt, C, Shope, E J, Schock, Geo D, Smith, Mich, Snyder, Rev J F, Schmidt, B.

Thompson, Rev J B, (2), Troll, F N, Truxal, Rev A E.

Vance, W.

Wagner, Mrs Maggie, Weidner, J L, Wissler, Rev H, Wunder, Mrs E N, Waller & Truxall, Wolbach, Joshua, Walker, Rev H J, Wirt, H, Weber, Rev G.

Young Men's Chr Association, Yeisley, Kate S, Yeich, W R, Yearick, Rev Z A.

Zearing, Rev J D, (2), Zehring, C D, (2), Zacharias, Rev Geo M, Zimmerman, O F.

Youth's Department.

"OUR FATHER."

BY KATHARINE D. CORNISH.

Shall I tell you, baby brother,
Gazing with those earnest eyes,
Of our Father up in heaven,
Throned above the starry skies?

All around Him spreads a glory,
Noonday sun was ne'er so bright;
Round about His throne a rainbow
Shines in glowing bands of light.

Angel hosts bow down before Him,
Day and night their voices ring;
Never weary, never ceasing,
Praising Him, their Lord and King.

Yet He knows His little children,
And He looks on us in love;
He would have us good and gentle,
Meet to dwell with Him above.

When I rise from bed each morning,
Ere I lay me down at night,
In my solemn prayers I ask Him
Still to keep us in His sight.

As the holy words are spoken
Unseen angels, waiting by,
Spread their pure white wings and bear them
To His mercy-throne on high.

You are yet too little, baby,
Thus to pray; for scarcely yet
Can you call "Papa," nor even
Have *begun* the alphabet.

But on mother's lap this morning
Silently you knelt, and then
Shut your eyes while she prayed for you,
Clasped your hands, and said, "Amen."

And the angels up to heaven
With that little word have flown;
Thus my baby brother's whisper
Rises to our Father's throne.

—*Churchman.*

A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.

I want to tell the young folks something of my visit to Florida last winter. We first went to Jacksonville, which lies on the St. John's River, and is a very pleasant city. I wish you would find it on the map.

One day, as I sat in the reading-room of the hotel, I heard shouts of laughter, followed by the clapping of hands. "What can it be?" thought I, throwing down the newspaper I was reading, and running into the corridor.

There I saw five or six little reptiles, about half the length of my arm, that seemed to be running a race over the canvassed carpet with which the floor was covered. A number of people were looking on. They appeared to be highly amused by the queer movements of the creatures.

"What are they? Lizards?" cried I.

"Lizards! No; they are young alligators," said a little girl, in a tone that implied pity for my ignorance:

"Alligators!" said I, retreating in alarm, as one of them came towards me.

"Oh, you coward!" cried the little girl, laughing. "They are too small to hurt you. See me." And, saying this, she took one of them up in her apron, and brought it towards me. I ran into the reading-room, and she ran after me; but when she saw that I was really afraid of the reptile, she took it back to the corridor, and placed it on the floor.

These little alligators grow to be huge creatures, sometimes more than twenty feet long. They live in the creeks and little rivers that run into the St. John's. They rarely go very far from the shore. They live partly on land and partly in the water.

In Florida the weather in January is often quite as warm as it is in the Northern States in June. So on a fine winter day, my father took my sister and me on board the steamer "Mayflower" for a trip upon the St. John's River, and up some of the small streams, where alligators may be found.

We went some thirty miles towards the south, and then turned into a small river. Cypress-swamps and high trees overgrown with moss everywhere met our view. On the banks, and generally on fallen logs, might be seen alligators basking in the sun.

Many of the passengers in the steamboat had brought pistols and guns, with which to fire at the poor alligators. This is a very cruel and useless sport, for the alligators do no harm to anybody. I saw ladies and young girls firing at them. We passed some fifty alligators on our way.

Father and another gentleman took a boat, and rowed some distance up a creek. There we saw an alligator with a young one by its side. The young are very small, compared with the full-grown reptile. I came to the conclusion that firing pistols at these animals was poor and mean sport.

What a lovely day it was! and how we enjoyed the excursion. Just think of sitting in your summer clothing on a day in January, and passing through scenery where the trees and shrubs are all green. We returned to Jacksonville just in time to see the sun set, and we shall not soon forget our visit among the alligators.—*Nursery.*

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

Once a little girl who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her clergyman with some money for the missionary society. He opened the paper and found eighteen shillings.

"Eighteen shillings! Mary, how did you get so much? Is it all your money?"

"Yes, sir. Please sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how He had died for me, I wanted to do something for Him; and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen."

"Well, Mary."

"Please, sir, I had no money of my own, and I wanted to earn some. And I thought a long time; and it came to me how there were many washerwomen who would buy soft water. So I got all the buckets and cans that I could, and all the year I have been selling the soft water for a half-penny a bucket; that's how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," he said, "I am very thankful to you. Now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh, no, sir! not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, if it must be, write 'Rain from heaven.'"

THE MINERS' BELL.

Do you want to know what prayer is like? Listen a minute, and I'll tell you.

A gentleman going down into a mine—a deep, deep pit in the ground, dug to get coal, or iron, or gold, or some such thing—took a little boy along with him. They got into a large, odd bucket at the mouth of the mine, and were let down, down, down, ever so many hundreds of feet, to the bottom. How dark and dismal it looked! The pit was so deep that the little spot of blue sky looked like a blue star above them. As soon as they stepped out of the bucket, away it went—up all the way to the top again. Then the little boy was frightened. He wept and cried, "Oh, I'm lost, I'm lost! I shall never see my mother again! I cannot get back out of the mine."

Then the gentleman showed him a little string hanging by the side of the mine. "Pull that string." The little boy pulled it, and the bell rang, high up over his head; and down came the bucket to carry him up.

Don't you think prayer is like that little string?

THE DYING INDIAN BOY.

"I found him," says the late Bishop of Montreal, "dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him, and an old blanket over him. After recovering from my surprise, I said, 'My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here.' He replied, 'It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore.' I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, 'Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there.' Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke in precisely the following words: 'This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg (about two hundred miles off), where I remained about two months. When I was half-way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine day by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have buried it with me; but I have thought since I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good.'"—*Churchman.*

THE "COMING MAN."

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us strides, in state,
The future "coming man."

His eyes perchance will read the stars,
And search the unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes, that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's kite."

That brow, where mighty thoughts will dwell
In solemn, secret state,
Where fierce Ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate:
Where Science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour—
'Tis knit now, with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three, cents more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
From world to world may reach;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control—
Are coaxing now for gingerbread
With all a baby's soul?

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown,
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To tear all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their chubby grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is not undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the Future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man."

—*Weekly Ohio State Journal.*

TRUST IN GOD.

"Mother," said a little girl, "what did David mean when he said, "Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust'?"

"Do you remember," said her mother, "the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods yesterday?"

"Oh yes, mother; wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I don't like to think about that bridge, mother; it makes me giddy. Don't you think it is very dangerous, just those two loose planks laid across, and no railing? If she had stepped a little on either side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mamma; she stopped a minute, as if afraid to go over, and then looked up into her father's face and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said: 'You will take hold of me, dear father; I don't feel afraid when you have hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him."

"Well, my child," said the mother, "I think David felt just like that little girl when he wrote those words you have asked me about."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one we saw in the woods; but he had come to some difficult place in his life—there was some trouble before him that made him feel afraid, and he looked up to God, just as that little girl looked up to her father, and said: 'Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust.' It is just as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid when Thou art with me, and taking hold of my hand.'"

THE LONDON DUST-MAN.

There he goes! A dusky gloom hangs over the roofs of great London City; a similar gloom fills my room and seems to have touched all the furniture with smoky age, and as I look down from the window into the gloomy street, I see him coming along slowly, and crying in a voice like a plea for help in affliction: "Dust-oh!—dust-oh!—dust-oh!—dust-oh!"

When the London fog is gray we cannot see him very far off, for he, too, is gray from head to foot with ash-dust, and as he approaches us he comes out of the mist like a phantom, though in reality he is a substantial, square-built, deep-chested fellow, shod with enormous Blucher shoes (the soles of which are bright with nails), and clad in a loose blouse, and trousers that are tied up about the knees. The blouse is open at the chest, and is lifted to the waist by his big, brown hands, which are tucked in his trousers' pockets, and his head is covered by the kind of hat that sailors call a sou'-wester. His only ornament is a pair of ear-rings; and with his head thrown back he saunters along the street by the side of his cart, repeating in measured tones his cry: "Dust-oh-oh! dust-oh!"

Now and then he stops at a house, and his mate—he has a mate who is as much like him as pea is like pea—descends into the cellar, bringing forth the ashes and refuse that have accumulated in twenty-four hours; and when the cart, which is a square, box-like affair, is filled, he starts for home with his load.

What a queer home it is! It is on the outskirts of the city, far away from the finer streets and buildings. A large space of ground is as gray and dusty as an African or Western desert, and is broken by mounds of ashes, some of which are only a few feet high, while others are almost as high as houses—quite as high, in fact, as the dismal little shanties on the edge of the reservation in which the dust-man and his fellows live. Other carts and other dust-men are constantly coming and going, dumping one load and then returning to the city for another, and as soon as a load is dumped it is attacked by a crowd of men, women and children, who, with shovels, rakes and hooks, turn it over and over, and raise stifling clouds of dust.

The reader may think that the collections made by the dust-man are valueless, but such is not the case.

There are more than 300,000 inhabited houses in London, consuming more than 3,500,000 tons of coal a year; and besides the ashes from this great quantity of fuel, the dust-man gathers the other refuse of the houses. He is employed by a contractor, who agrees with the corporation to remove the ashes, etc., out of the city, and the contractor divides every load into six parts, as follows: Soil, or fine dust, which is sold to brick-makers for making bricks and to farmers for manure; brieze, or cinders, sold to brick-makers for burning brick; rags, bones and old metals, sold to marine-store dealers; old tin and iron vessels, sold to trunk-makers for clamps; bricks, oysters and other shells, sold for foundations and road-building; and old boots and shoes, sold to the manufacturers of Prussian blue.

Sometimes much more valuable things than these are found, and the reader may remember the romance that Charles Dickens made out of a London dust-man—"Our Mutual Friend."

It is in sifting the different parts of a load that the men, women and children, are employed; they are as busy as ants; mere babies and wrinkled old dames take a part in the labor, and all of them are so covered with dust and ashes that they are anything but pleasant to contemplate, though, as a rule, they are useful, honest and industrious members of society.

"Dustie" is what the Londoners familiarly call the dust-man, and only a few know in what ignorance and povety he lives. One would think he would work himself into a better occupation, but his family have been dust-men for generations, and the generations after him are not likely to change.—*Alexander Wainwright, St. Nicholas, February.*

Pleasantries.

Professor—"Is the intensity of gravity greater at the poles or at the equator?" Sophomore—"Yes, sir!" Prof.—"Which?" Soph.—"It's greater."

A man who thought he would present his wife with material for a new dress was somewhat surprised to see the dealer slip the cloth in an envelope and say he would have the buttons sent right up in a dray.

Ralph Wells says he once asked a little girl how she became a Christian and was answered, "Why, I just saw the door open, and I went in." Who could give a better reason for entering the fold?

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

Another sixty days or so,
And where the snow-bird pranks,
A dozen sons of Italy
Will kerosene their cranks.

And stirring up the innards
Of that hurdy-gurdy thing,
Insult the air of heaven
With the lie of "Gentle Spring."

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When a guest at a hotel sees the porter carrying a coil of rope 300 feet long into his room a feeling of tranquil security comes over him, and he lies down to sleep without a thought of fear. But when a boy sees his father coming up stairs to his room with only the little end of a rope, not more than two feet long, with a knot at one end, it kindles a conflagration of wild apprehension and terror in his soul that all the waters of the Mississippi Valley cannot quench.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they shipwrecked far out upon the sea, and left buffeting with the waves, without a plank to sustain them. Each one gave his opinion, excepting Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied: "Bad cess to ye for a cowardly set of spalpeens. Ye'd be afther savin' yerselves, an' not thryin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim to shore an' save himself, an' thin come back an' try to save another."

The Boston *Courier* prints the following "boy's composition:" "Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their wittles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put inter pilers and inter feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt-buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum-puddings. Skinny Bates eat so much plum-pudding once that it sent him into the collery. Hens has got wings and can fly when they get scart. I cut Uncle William's hen's head off with a hatchet, and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens."

A WORD FOR THE FAMILY.

BY REV. HENRY A. BOARDMAN, D. D.

I have no occasion to protest my attachment to the Sabbath-school system, and it has been one of the main objects of your journal to conserve and improve it. Intelligent Christians of every name are united in their estimate of its incalculable value to the cause of Christ. All the more carefully should we guard it from perversion or abuse. There is one point of special danger on which we have a word to say—a topic often adverted to, but by no means adequately appreciated, *viz.*, the relations between the Sabbath-school and the family.

And yet this formula does not accurately express our thought, which would find true utterance rather in the question, "What has become of the family?" Not to indulge in ungracious contrasts, nor to hold the Sunday-school to a responsibility which attaches to it, if at all, by no inherent necessity, there are only three expressly divine institutions: the family, the Church, and the state. The Sabbath-school has a right to be, which cannot be impugned; but its tenure is not precisely that of the family. It rests upon the same foundation with ecclesiastical boards and benevolent societies, means and implements which the Church devises for accomplishing the great ends of its existence. Not only is the family older than the Church itself, but it was originally designed to be the indispensable and efficient instrument for perpetuating and enlarging the Church; and as such God has been pleased to employ it, alike under the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Christian dispensations. The family has been the nursery of the Church. Its agency herein has sometimes been unwisely compared with that of revivals of religion, as if the two were not co-operative, but rival elements. Both are of God. But the tendency in our country has been to disparage home nurture; at least to dethrone it from the high position assigned to it in the Scriptures. This tendency has been unwittingly increased by the beneficent and growing power of the Sabbath-school. We are far from saying that too much has been done for the Sabbath-school. But we are constrained to say that it has been silently concentrating upon itself a large amount of that care and culture which of right belong to the family.

In proof of this we might appeal both to the press and the pulpit. The Sabbath-school is, beyond any other subject, the engrossing theme of the evangelical press. So let it be. But what is the relative prominence assigned to that primitive institution, created immediately by the breath of the Almighty, and stamped with His image and superscription, the family? Turning to the pulpit and the platform, where one sermon or address is devoted to the family, fifty, probably a hundred, are devoted to the Sabbath-school. What is the import of admitted facts like these? That the Sabbath-school is unduly nourished? No. But that the family is neglected, that too little stress is laid upon the "Relative Duties," that theme to which the older pulpit gave such merited prominence, and which cannot fall into desuetude without lasting injury to the Church. In our country certainly, we can ill afford to disuse any legitimate means for fostering the domestic virtues. The laxness of our household ties and the insubordination of children have long been the opprobrium of American society in the eyes of intelligent foreigners. It were well to check these malign influences which are turning so many families into mere heaps of stones. There is no single agency more vital to the Church-life and the national life than the family-life. And no sign more auspicious for the Church and the country could appear on our horizon than a general movement among Christians of every name to reinstate the family in the position from which it has been jostled.

For an example of thorough religious culture and robust piety, there is no country to which we so instinctively turn as Scotland. And Scotland is what she is by reason, in no slight degree, of that household training which has for two centuries been the most distinctive feature of her social condition. The father has been the priest of the family, and every Sabbath evening has seen him surrounded by his little congregation, instructing them in the word of God and the Catechism; strong meat, some persons might say of the latter, but it has made strong men and women. No competent observer will deny that the result of this tutelage has, in the main, been satisfactory. Can it be doubted that if the system could be engrafted upon our Sabbath-school scheme, it would confer priceless benefits upon our country? Can anything be named which would, by God's blessing, augment so much the power of the pulpit, and the purity and strength of the evangelical Churches? What hinders? Several things which might be specified.

Let it suffice to throw out a single hint for the consideration of all concerned. Not merely the appropriate, but in our busy American life, the only practicable time during the seven days, when families can be brought together for careful religious instruction, is the evening of the Lord's day. With some congregations, a public service on Sabbath evening is indispensable. But, these cases aside, there are hundreds of examples to show that the ancient custom of stated morning and afternoon worship, is, in the long run, the best arrangement both for pastors and people; the true way, in fact, to build up prosperous and efficient Churches. This method alone is compatible with the just claims of the home-church. And there is still a remnant left among us of those old-fashioned Christians who felt that the Sabbath evening belonged as really to the family as the Sabbath morning to the congregation. Whether they were right or wrong in this conviction, it may be worth while to compare our methods for training the young with those of past generations. Peradventure, among the *debris* of their antiquated structures, we may here and there find a relic worth incorporating with our own superior handiwork.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE IRONY OF LIFE.

But after all, the irony of life is best shown when we consider time with reference to eternity. It must seem almost inconceivable to celestial beings, if they have any consciousness of what takes place on earth, that we, the insects of the hour, who profess to believe in immortality and a future state, should live as if our existence on earth were our all in all. The disproportion between the interests at stake is so infinite that comparison is impossible. And yet practically the great majority of Christian men do live as if this world were everything, and throw themselves with as much eagerness into the trifles of the present as if they were to last forever. What a tremendous irony there is in the parable of our Saviour:

"The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

This is the sum of the whole matter. If we live in the full consciousness that we are but shadows here, and pursue only shadows upon earth—that we are but children who await a glorious inheritance, and that nothing is of any real value which does not fit us for our future destiny—there will be no irony in our lives as regards our sins and our employments, for we shall subordinate everything to the thought of the hereafter. We shall know how to proportion our interest, and avoid all extravagance, either of sorrow or of joy, thankfully making use of the blessings which the favor of the Almighty may bestow upon us, but always in our life voyage keeping steadily in view the haven for which we are bound.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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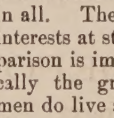

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Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown....		8:15		3:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
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General News.

HOME.

Another terrible marine disaster is reported from the Eastern coast. A despatch from Norfolk, dated Jan. 31st says: At 6.30 this afternoon the steamship Metropolis, from Philadelphia, for Para, Brazil, went ashore on Currituck Beach, three miles south of the light house, during the prevalence of a furious southeast gale. Great confusion prevailed on board. Owing to the fury of the gale and the roaring of the surf, the orders of the officers could not be heard. About fifty of the passengers and crew were washed ashore. About two hundred are believed to be lost.

From some of the sailors who arrived at one of the signal stations it appears that the vessel had encountered heavy gales from the southeast for the last twenty-four hours, and when she struck she was heading about south southeast. The vessel swung broadside to the surf, which made a complete break over her and washed many of the people overboard into the sea. Reporters, have gone to the scene via the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, by the tug Croatan."

The Metropolis left Willow street wharf shortly before six o'clock on Monday evening and anchored in the stream until the following morning, when she began her voyage to Brazil. No difficulty was encountered on her way down the river, and she passed out of the Capes on Tuesday evening, which was the last heard of her until the sad news of her loss came yesterday.

She was commanded by Captain Anker, about thirty-four years old, formerly of the Pacific Mail steamship "Chauncey." The expedition was in charge of Mr. Paul J. Wright, late Chief Engineer of the Lehigh Navigation Company, and Mr. James T. Moore. Among those on board were Harvey Bartlett, purser; Edward Lafourcade, Jr.; Alfred W. Newton, formerly of the National Stock Yards at East St. Louis.

The Metropo is was 800 tons burthen, and was built at Newburyport, Mass. She carried out 27 saloon passengers, about 200 laborers and two women. The vessel carried twelve lifeboats.

Later advices show that about one hundred persons have been saved. There is the same old tale of a vessel not sea-worthy and of inefficient life stations.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The Senate Committee on Railroads have agreed to report in favor of extending the time for the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad. The bill will be introduced early this week.

The Methodists are making active preparations for a great ecumenical conference. It will probably be held in New York.

More than three hundred Chinese have been received as members of the Protestant churches of California, and, in addition, there are seven hundred Chinamen in Christian associations for learning Christian doctrines; 750 Chinese attend the mission schools of San Francisco, and more than 1000 go to the Sunday-schools.

FOREIGN.

The Hungarian Minister of Worship has recent announced his decision that henceforward the marriage with a Jewess of a Christian converted to the Jewish persuasion will be held as null and void. This declara ion has caused universal discontent in the Jewish community.

The Swedish University of Upsala has just completed the fourth century of its existence.

Seven million seven hundred and ninety-three thousand persons voted in France at the late election, the largest number since 1848, when 7,893.060 voted.

The famous Institute of German Deaconesses, has its central house at Kaisersworth, near Dusseldorf, in Rhenish Prussia. Its members are unmarried women who devote themselves, during their connection with the Institute, to the care of the sick in the hospitals, to parochial visitation of the poor, and to the management of orphanages, refuges, &c. There are at present belonging to the Institute 430 of these true "sisters of charity," who give their services to fifty-five hospitals, twenty one orphanages refuges for the poor, forty communes (as parochial visitors), eighteen schools and training establishments, twenty-four infant schools, six servants' training establishments, twenty-four infant schools, six servants' training institutions, two asylums, twenty Sunday-schools and schools for needlework and similar handiwork, and four lodging-houses for single workwomen. The number of persons direc ly benefited by the services of the Sisters is estimated at not less than 40,000 The Institute has been in existence for forty years. Its members take no vows, and can sever their connection with it at any time.

COLUMBUS NOT A SAINT.—The following officia: decision, recently promulgated, dispels all immediate hope of canonizing Christopher Columbus, and throws as much doubt over his spiritual position as the recent alleged discovery at Santo Domingo does over his mortal remains: "The beatifica ion cannot be conceded, because no extraordinary deed is demonstrated evincing heroic Christian virtue. Apart from his great work, the discovery of America, his pub ic and private life was much criticised. In the chronic es of the time nothing is found worthy of canoniza ion. The fame that he left at his death is not that of an eminent and notable Catholic. In fine, he has never been considered or invoked as a sant. This decision to be communicated to those whom it may concern, and the question cannot be revived for three years."

The Russians are within twenty-four hours' march of Constantinople. The city will be defended, if attacked. There is, however, great demoralization among the Turks

It looks at times as if there might be difficul ties involving nearly all the powers of Europe. From telegraphic advices to the Associated Press we clip the following:

LONDON, Feb. 1.—Rumors are prevailing that an armistice has been signed. Sir Staf ford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated in the House of Commons this P. M., that Musius Pasha, the Turkish ambassador in London, had received a telegram from the Porte, saying the general basis of an armistice and peace were to be signed in Adriano ple yesterday. The Chancellor added that he did not know whether they were actually signed nor the nature of their terms.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—The *Post* announces in official form that up to a late hour last night no positive intelligence had reached the Foreign Office of the signing of the basis of peace and armistice. There was, however ground to believe that the terms would be signed to-day.

PARIS, Feb. 1.—The *Temps* understands that one of the conditions of the armistice is the march of the Russian army through Constantinople.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—The *Times'* Rome despatch says the Pope is preparing an allocution against Russia for the persecution of the Church in Poland, and against King Humbert on his accession to the throne for the assumption of the title of "King of Italy." The Queen of Portugal, daughter of the late King Victor Emanuel, and the Pope's goddaughter, is refused admission to the Pope because she is residing at the Quirinal.

A special despatch to the Philadelphia *Press*, dated Rome, Jan. 16th, says: At a meeting of American citizens, held in Rome, Italy, on the 15th of January, 1878, the Rev. Dr. R. J. Nevin in the chair, the following address of condolence on the death of the late King was unanimously adopted, and after receiving one hundred and fifty-nine signatures, was forwarded to the King through the Hon. George P. Marsh, United States minister at the Court of Italy:

"To His Majesty Humbert I., by the grace of God and the will of the Nation, King of Italy:

"The undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, resident or present in Rome, desire to express their profound sympathy with the Royal family and the people of Italy in the great loss that has come upon them, in the Providence of God, in the death of his august Majesty, Victor Emanuel II, the chief instrument, under God, in the liberation and unification of Italy.

"As citizens of a Republic, they may well join with the Italian people in mourning a King who has shown himself great among sovereigns by the unspotted loyalty with which he has maintained the constitution of his State and the liberties of his people.

"Recalling the many and singular providences by which this illustrious country has been brought again to take a place among the nations of the earth, they have firm faith that under your Majesty's auspicious reign, the work of Italian unity and regeneration will be carried forward and perfected, and that God, who has wrought so mightily for the fathers, will not fail of His mercies to the children. In this faith they beg to present the homage of their best wishes for the constant well-being of your Majesty, the Queen Margherita, the hereditary Prince, and the whole people committed to your charge."

LONDON, Feb. 1.—Reuter's despatch from Athens says the following official announcement is published:

The Hellenic Government, moved by the sufferings of the Greek Provinces of Turkey, has given orders for an army of 12,000 men to cross the frontier to-morrow morning and occupy Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia, in order to maintain perfect public order and prevent massacres of Christians.

The Chamber has voted ten million drachmas for war supplies, to be raised by a loan.

A special despatch to the *Times* from Athens says: The Cretan insurgents have declared that island annexed to Greece.

VERSAILLES, Feb. 1.—In the Chamber of Deputies, this afternoon the discussion on the validity of the election of a Conservative Deputy gave rise to a scene of intense excitement, M. M. Gambetta and Rouher accusing each other of responsibility for the disasters of France.

LONDON, Feb. 3.—A despatch from Adrianople on the evening of January 31, says: The six bases of peace accepted by the Porte and the terms of armistice have just been signed by the Grand Duke Nicholas and Server and Namyk Pashas. An order suspending hostilities will be dispatched forthwith to all the corps and detachments, and also to the army in Asia Minor. The Turks will evacuate all the Danubian fortresses and Erzeroum. General Zimmerman s forces have advanced within ten miles of Varna and cut the Schumla railway and telegraph line.

A dispatch from Constantinople says: The Porte has received the following dispatch from Server Pasha: "Adrianople, January 31.—The peace preliminaries and armistice were signed to-day."

A Constantinople dispatch of February 2, evening, says: There is great satisfaction here at the settlement of the peace preliminaries. The following are the conditions of the protocol:

FIRST. The erection of Bulgaria into a principality.

SECOND. A war indemnity, or territory in compensation.

THIRD. The independence of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each.

FOURTH. Reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

FIFTH. An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and the Czar regarding the Dardanelles.

SIXTH. The evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzeroum.

A St. Petersburg dispatch to-day says: Thanksgiving services are being held in the churches and salvos of artillery fired in consequence of the signing of an armistice. Flags are flying all over the city, and preparations are making for a grand illumination to-night.

Farm and Garden.

KEEPING POULTRY TO ENRICH LAND.

Colonel Waring, in his "Elements of Agriculture," says: "Poultry dung is nearly equal in value to Peruvian guano (except that it contains more water). If granted that a hen will consume of the different kinds of grain, meat, and vegetables, during the year, the equivalent of two bushels of corn, which weigh 120 pounds, then it is certainly low enough to place the excrements—the result of the digestion of these two bushels—as equivalent to fifteen pounds of guano. As the manure from 100 fowls during a year amounts to 1,503 pounds of guano, taking the above supposition as at least safe, and 200 pounds is ordinarily sufficient for an acre of corn, it will be seen that the manure from 100 fowls will make compost enough for five acres." The experiment has been tried by the writer of applying to one acre of corn in the hull the manure of twenty hens one year, mixed with swamp muck, in the proportion of one part hen manure and three parts muck, and the result was a better crop than upon an adjoining arch enriched, for the sake of experiment, with a good fair ordinary dressing of stable manure.—*Poultry Nation.*

STORING SWEET POTATOES.

A Kansas correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: Store in a dry place (a cellar is as good as any), where the temperature can be easiest kept at about fifty or sixty degrees. A good box stove, which will take in a large chunk of wood handy, is good for this purpose. Most keepers make one fire during cold nights; at all events do not let the mercury drop below forty-five degrees, and only for a short time at that, as if chilled the potatoes will surely rot. Put in boxes or barrels, if desired, but it is just as well to pile them up like cord wood. The little ones no larger than your finger, are just as good for seed as the larger ones, and produce more sets. Digging may be facilitated by cutting the vines near the bases of the ridge with a cane knife, walking backwards and drawing the knife along. I omitted to state that they may be piled five and a half and six feet high in the store room, or it may be higher between points, and having false floor one half or two thirds of the way up more can be stored on the same surface. If they sweat, raise the heat until dried off. Irish potatoes will not keep in as warm a room as sweet require.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 2d, 1878.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR.	Wheat, Superfine	$4.50@4.75
	" Extra Family	5.75@6.00
	" Fancy	7.75@8.75
	Rye	3.35@3 50
	Corn meal	2.80@3.00
	Buckwheat meal	2.30@2.37
GRAIN.	Wheat, White	1.40@1.42
	" Red	1.31@1.33
	Rye	68@70
	Corn, Yellow	53@54½
	" White	51@53
	Oats	35@37
	Barley	85@1.00
GROCERIES.	Sugar, Cuba	7¼@7½
	" Refined cut loaf	10½@10½
	" " crushed	10@10½
	" " powdered	9¾@10
	" " granulated	9¾@9⅞
	" " A	9⅜@10
	Coffee, Rio gold	14¾@19½
	" Maracaibo gold	17½@18¼
	" Laguayra gold	16½@18¼
	" Java gold	22@24½
PROVISIONS.	Mess Pork	12.00@12.25
	Dried Beef	13@14
	Sugar cured Hams	9½@10
	Lard	7⅞@8
	Butter, Roll extra	20@22
	Butter, Roll Common	17@19
	Prints, extra	32@35
	" " Common	28@31
	" Grease	5@7
	Eggs	16@17
SEEDS.	Clover	7.00@8.50
	Timothy	1.45@1.48
	Flax	1.52@1.55
PLASTER.	White	3.00@3.25
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Why didn't you come two Months ago?

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As it drifts into our path and blows in our eyes:

"'Tis true I'm late and I made you wait
This very odd winter of 'Seventy-eight.'
You thought there would be no snow at all;
But now I come with my fleecy fall
Just to remind the people all
Of the winter clothing at Great Oak Hall.
You thought you would jump right into the spring,
But a different song I'll make you sing;
A song of Elysian Overcoats
(You can button them nicely up to your throats)
A song of the winter things, strong and stout,
Which it isn t prudent to go without.
And if you're wise you'll hurry and go
Now, in the time of the Beautiful Snow,
And make a bit of a business call
And see the low prices at Great Oak Hall."

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